THE

AMERICAN WEST

MOUNTAIN QUAIL

Oreortyx pictus

"The plumed partridge of California. . . . In the vicinity of Hot Springs [Samuel Brannan's Ranch] at the head of Napa Valley, I found several broods in the latter part of June, which frequented a small brook in the hills . . . being disturbed, they would fly off in different directions and hide among the thick underbrush . . . after remaining quiet awhile, I would hear the low plaintive clucking of the old ones, calling the brood together, and the call would be answered by the stray ones. . . . I found that the male was usually equally attentive to the young as the female."

The cover is reproduced from a painting in the Grayson collection in the Bancroft Library. For the story of the artist and reproductions of several of his bird paintings, see the article in this issue: "Andrew Jackson Grayson, Artist-Naturalist of the Pacific Slope" by Lois C. Stone.

THE

AMERICAN WEST

PHOTO OF WYOMING STORE ENTRANCE BY PHILIP SULTZ

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THE AMERICAN WEST

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Lummis as War Correspondent in Arizona

EDITED AND WITH
AN INTRODUCTION BY
DUDLEY GORDON

Los Angeles Times, March 30, 1886

TO INVESTIGATE INDIAN SITUATION

Charles F. Lummis of the Times staff left yesterday for Geronimo's stamping ground in Sonora, Mexico, 25 miles South East of San Bernardino Springs.

Sunday's telegraphic advices were that the Apache Chief was holding alternately a pow-wow with his braves and a conference with General Crook with the alternative of unconditional surrender or a fight to the death. "Lum" will write directly from Gen. Crook's camp and will furnish the Times with a series of letters and special dispatches which should throw a good deal of light on the much-vexed Indian question and will keep our readers well informed as to events. Should the campaign continue he will probably remain in the field with Gen. Crook's forces as long as his legs hold out and his scalp sticks fast.

Later. Since the above was written, telegraphic information has been received of the surrender of Geronimo. Mr. Lummis will, however, proceed to the scene of the late difficulties and will detail the many points of interest which a man of his industry and love of adventure can gather.

Informed westerners are familiar with the colorful life and achievements of Charles F. Lummis as author, editor, historian, librarian, and founder of the Southwest Museum in Los Angeles. Few are aware, however, of his career in 1886 as a war correspondent when he spent a few months in Apache country for the Los Angeles **Times.**

Through his great interest in the land and the Spanish-Indian culture he contributed much to the intellectual life of the Southwest for more than forty years. His books describing that colorful land include: ***The Land of Poco Tiempo; Some Strange Corners of Our Country; Mesa, Canyon and Pueblo;*** *and* ***The Spanish Pioneers.*** *For fourteen years he edited the magazine,* ***Land of Sunshine*** *(later known as* ***Out West****), and to him is attributed the slogan, "See America First!"*

Born in New England, Lummis attended Harvard but left in 1881 and went to Chillicothe, Ohio, where he became editor of the Scioto ***Gazette.*** *During the three years he held the post, he injected his characteristic verve between the patent medicine ads and the personal columns of that old-time newspaper.*

In 1884 he felt the irresistible call of the West and walked from Cincinnati to Los Angeles. While on this hike, he wrote weekly letters describing his exciting adventures for the Los Angeles **Times.** *If his stories gained a little in the telling, it was because he was at his ease in handling words, and it was in his nature to embellish his work with a bit of vivid description and drama. The result,* ***A Tramp Across the Continent,*** *is good reading even now, eighty years later.*

The day after he arrived in the City of the Angels, early in 1885, Lummis started to work for the Los Angeles paper. After a year under the leadership of General Harrison Gray Otis, aggressive publisher of the **Times,** *he was sent into Arizona Territory to cover the story of the surrender of the Apache renegade, Geronimo.*

Within two days after the surrender on March 17, 1886, Geronimo with a few of his followers fled to the mountains again. For three months thereafter, Lummis continued his duties as war correspondent, keeping Los Angeles readers informed on the difficulties facing the army in chasing Apaches through Arizona, New Mexico, Sonora, and Chihuahua—an area the size of Europe.

The following holographic field report on the pursuit and surrender of Geronimo was written at Fort Bowie, Arizona Territory. Along with the original telegram authorizing Lummis to report to Captain Lawton at Fort Huachuca, Arizona, this historical document is found among the treasures of the Southwest Museum.

Ft. Bowie, A. T. April 4, 1886

SPECIAL CHRONICLE

The California liar has amassed a monumental reputation not honestly his own. He is *not* the Premier Prevaricator of the universe. He does well for his gifts, but supremacy in lying lies not in his bones. The brass-geared, triple-electroplated twister of Truth's tail is not he of the g.c. of *C.* [great commonwealth of California], but the mouthful Arizonian—the multitudinous gentleman who has been feeding the Associated Press with reports of the Apache campaigns, and particularly of the present one. Most of him dwells in Tombstone—and by what scratch did ever tombstone carom on the frigid facts? Part of him however, hangs forth in Tucson—that somnolent aggregation of adobe, aridity and bronchial dryness where people have too much time to tell the truth, since fiction slays more superfluous leisure. He has also a few other corporate components scattered at random over the Territory. And when he takes his pen in hand, it shall be a pity if you don't get some news.

Seriously, the extra-Territorial papers have been

ATROCIOUSLY ABUSED

in the matter of war news from this direction. Judge for yourselves from the following facts, facile of verification as the fourness of twice two. No newspaper hitherto has had a representative on the spot, or anywhere near it. The Associated Press has no agent within 100 miles of any fighting; nor has it, during the 10 months of the present

campaign, sent any person to the field, nor even to headquarters. No dispatches have been sent out on the authority of any actually posted person until within the last few days; and these last have contained no thread of detail. It is not the policy of this department. Crook is a soldier, not a war correspondent. There is something touching in the sight of the quiet care-lined man, fighting against not only the slipperiest and most ferocious race that ever soldier tackled, but also against the interested misrepresentation, the avarice, the heartlessness and the malice of men of his own color in this Territory. He never opens his head to the yelping at his heels. He would not turn his hand over, I am convinced, to justify himself. But it will not hurt the public to view the nude facts; and that is what we are here for.

HOW YOU GET THE NEWS.

Mayhap it is an errant cowboy who lopes into Tombstone, gravitates to the "Hell Roarer Saloon", downs a few "straights" and proceeds to unload his war news. He hasn't been within 25 miles of the field, but a little matter like that is no drawback. He can tell you more about it than Crook can. "Barkeep" retails the history, with annotations, to the next customer; the n.c. [news correspondent] pours it into the elastic receptivity of the Associated Press, and it is shot over the wires to a gaping world. Or, perchance, some mule persuader from the military pack train turns himself loose on the first unprotected settlement he strikes; and the rest of the story is carried out as per program above. Yet again, 'tis the genial tinhorn gambler who cajoles his hours of ease by putting up a cold deck upon unsophisticated Truth, and deals a pat hand to the agent of the A.P.

These are not guesses. I can quote chapter and verse in specific cases where the news telegraphed all over the country came from these same re-lie-able sources and none other. I wouldn't argue that it is impossible for a drunken cowboy, decapitated burro-whacker or tinhorn artist to sometime stumble upon the truth. Accidents will happen. Nor am I damning the Associated Press. It has simply been imposed upon like all the rest of us. And it was because we despaired of getting straight goods from such sources, that this probe is being applied.

A FUNDAMENTAL PROPOSITION.

No man can have a really broad grasp of the Apache situation who does not, to start with, know this Arizona country root and branch; and none can keep up with

NEBRASKA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

SOUTHWEST MUSEUM

General George Crook (1828-1890) *was opposed to the War Department's policy of extermination of the Apache Indians, which was to pursue them as if they were wild animals. He had long studied the Apaches and had a higher opinion of them than he had for most local politicians, Indian agents, and army contractors. Paradoxically, although he was an efficient Indian fighter, he was also a humanitarian. Instead of killing Indians,he preferred to educate them to the advantages of white civilization and then give them the opportunity to partake of those advantages. He even proposed that the reservation be divided into small plots so that each Indian could have his own farm and become self-supporting. He believed that Indians were entitled to the protection of the Constitution and that they should enjoy the rights of all other citizens. For his advanced proposals, he was thought by some in the army to be an "Indian lover," and by the government as a man almost too visionary to be a proper officer. Early in 1886, disgusted with whites who were conniving behind his back, General Crook requested duty elsewhere. His replacement, General Nelson A. Miles, later received substantial honor for ending the Apache War in large part by carrying out Crook's campaign tactics.*

Geronimo (1829-1909) *as he was known to Mexicans, or Góy-ath-lay (the Man-Who-Yawns) by the Chiricahua Apaches, had the reputation of being a sly, crafty warrior. The tribe to which he belonged had had a long history of abuse at the hands of "invaders" and had fought back with violence. Geronimo himself was an unfortunate victim of white man's westward expansion. Early in life as a young husband and father, his wife and children were murdered by Mexicans; the encroachments of Americans upon Indian lands further fanned the fires of resentment within him. Thieving agents who oppressed the Indians by robbing, insulting, feeding them on rotten rations, and assaulting their women,coupled with conflicting army rules against the drinking of tizwiń (corn liquor) and the government's reluctance to help the Indians irrigate their reservation land,drove Geronimo to retaliate by becoming an expert in theft, treachery, and murder. As a medicine man believed to have mystical powers, his powerful personality, military achievements and his persuasive words led to his position as a war chief. If he became incensed by a rascally act of an agent, he and a band of followers would stampede off the reservation and establish a camp in the mountains. After a summer of old-time freedom from restraint, he would surrender when the weather turned cold and food was short and lead a peaceful life on the reservation until he would again rebel and make life miserable for ranchers, miners, and traveling immigrants in Arizona and New Mexico. In 1886 Geronimo surrendered twice, once in March and again in September. After this final surrender he was eventually permitted to join his family which had been moved to Florida. Later they were transferred to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where the old warrior lived until his death in 1909.*

even the trail end of Truth's procession who hasn't a idea of these physical facts. There was no campaign in the Civil War wherein topography of the section so thoroughly crippled operations.

THE NATURE OF THE COUNTRY.

Apachedom is practically a desert—partly redeemable, it is true, by the future development of artesian and canal irrigation, and already dotted with occasional oases. But I can lead you 500 miles in a not palpably tortuous route; and in all that hideous stretch you shall see not one drop of water, save from our water kegs. But this arid desert is not one vast sea of drifting sand. It is, on the contrary, one of the hilliest countries to be found. You shall see square miles of it carpeted with Etruscan gold of fragile poppies, and other miles of less showy flowers. The grey sage brush; the greasewood's glaucous green; the emerald daggers of the amole; the duller-colored bayonets of the century plant, topped with a banner of snowy bloom —these diversify all its valleys, while here and there loom the vast candelabras of the giant saguaros. All this is aesthetic but not filling. Ride 20 miles across yon arid plain, and your tongue will be like unto a sun-baked sponge. Ride fifty, without canteen, and it is two to one if ever you return to sanity. It is a country from which, if you have no water, a bunk in sheol would be a positive relief.

RAGGED RANGES.

One of the prime characteristics of this section is—its mountains. Fancy an irregularly undulating and regularly barren plain of 300 miles, broken by but 3 or 4 superterranean water courses. Upon this vast area a wilderness of peaks and ridges slapped down superficially and haphazard. Hunt the world over, and you will find no more inhospitable and savage peaks. They rise, shaggy with rocks and cactus 500 to as many thousand feet above the circumfluent plain—their highest peaks wooded and snow-crowned. You willpass within a mile of one of those hills, and have no more notion of its steepness than a Texas steer has of saving grace. Try to climb a little one, and you will find out. (Two animals are to date the only success in scaling these rocks—the mountain sheep and the Apache.) But the covert is complete.-A man of ordinary secretiveness could slink from Colorado to Mexico, along these Apache trails, and never be seen by human eye. None but the high-circling buzzard and prowling coyote would note his progress. Skulking through the mountains by day, dashing across the interjected plains by night, he could be as unobserved as though he

BURROWED UNDER GROUND.

And even should some casual hostile glance detect him, he has but to shin to yonder crest, and he is safe. He can kill 500 men as fast as they can come to him—himself almost absolutely protected. And then, weary of killing or of fasting, he can sneak back from sheltering rock to rock, until he is beyond pursuit. If a man who really hankers to hide, out here, gets caught or killed, it is because he is either a fool, or else playing to very hard luck. And yet there are acres of good, rational people back East, who fancy the sole business of this Indian fighting is to chase Lo over the plain until he gets tired, and then perforate him.

Well, that's the brand of geography they raise out here. Now for

THE NATURE OF THE NATIVE.

Trying to hit the bullseye of this matter, at my limited verbal range, is like trying to rope a bronco steer with a yard of cotton thread. Hold the dictionary up by its tail as I may, and I can't shake out the vocabulary to phrase the facts. It is a subject wherein language fails to graze the skin—but we'll try to start the fur.

The North American Indian, by and large, has never been noted for stupidity in war. Crude, his methods may be, but they are effective. It is only by infinitely better weapons that the "superior" white man has squeezed him to the wall. Some tribes have always inclined to peace; some have fought fearfully at the pinch; some are born fighters—

HEREDITARY SLAYERS.

Foremost in the latter class has always stood the Apache. From time untold he has been a professional pirate—a bandit to whom blood was even sweeter than plunder—and both as sweet as life. Generations beyond count—before the Caucasian outpost encroached upon his Golgotha—he was driving his quartz-tipped shafts through the ribs of agricultural Aztec, peaceful Pueblo, or plodding *paisaño*. The warlike tribes to his east and north were represented, too, in many a jetty lock at his belt. From Guaymas, Mexico, to Pueblo, Colorado; from San Antonio, Texas, to the California line, he swept, a savage whirlwind. Of what he has done to keep himself in practice, since this Territory began to be Americanized, I need not remind you now.

SOUTHWEST MUSEUM

Geronimo (right) with his son and two picked braves. Taken before surrender to General Crook on March 27, 1886.

The Apache is not only the most warlike of American Indians; he is also

THE BOSS WARRIOR.

Trained to an endurance simply impossible in a more endurable country; with the eye of a hawk, the stealth of a coyote, the courage of a tiger—and its mercilessness—he is the bedouin of the New World. He has horses that will exist on a blade of grass to the acre, and will travel 110 miles in 24 hours thereby, without falling dead on the home stretch. He knows every foot of his savage realm better than you know your own parlor. He finds food and water where both of us would starve to death for want of both. Over a hundred different plants render him revenue intestinal or economic. He has fastnesses from which no force can dislodge him; and wherever you strike him, he has a stronghold at hand. Lay siege to him and he quietly slips out by some back-door cañon, and is off like a thistledown on the wind. The dangerousness of an Indian is in the inverse ratio to his food supply. The Apache, born to semi-starvation, his whole life an unceasing struggle to wrest a living from vixenish Nature, as well as to wrest life from his neighbor—is whetted down to a ferocity of edge never reached by the Indian of a section where wood, water and facile game are ready to his hand.

And this is not all that puts the Apache at the head of his class—

HE HAS ALLIES.

From the outstretched arm of pursuit he slides down into old Mexico as if the hills and valleys were a greased pole—but taking time to murder, rob and ravish in transit. He gets safely into Sonora; sells his stolen stock to the facile paisaño; cachés the arms, ammunition and money; enjoys a big vacation in the Mexican sierras until he is rested; swoops down upon hacienda and village, killing a few people, and gathering all the loot he can drive or carry—including often, the very stock he has just sold—and flits back like an ugly shadow to his Arizona haunts. The better class of Mexicans desire his extermination; but he finds plenty of scum ready to stand in with him. The Mexican line is not only a line—it is a wholesale "fence", and sad to say, the ignorant, mescal-corned greaser is not the Apache's only pal. There are white men —Americans—who thrive by his blood-soaked booty. You

will find them in Tombstone, Tucson, and many another place, on both sides of the line. It is to one of these

BENEFICIARIES OF MURDER

that the present lapse of a superb success is due. If there be damnation so black, a cranny of gehenna so direful, that Satan saves it for the Past Masters of miscreancy, then the white men who have sold the whiskey to Apaches that for the last 10 months robbed, ravished and butchered here will have no competition for the berth. They have a dead-sure lien on that pit of perdition. The Apache is a cherub by comparison.

And now from preface to

THE LATEST CHAPTER OF HISTORY,

a chapter hitherto practically unwritten. It was on May 17th, 1885, that the crooked-tongued Geronimo, by lies and promises, wheedled a few bucks off the San Carlos reservation, and started on the warpath with them taking along squaws and children in abundance. They have had some accessions, but at no time have numbered 40 warriors. During that time they have butchered about 250 men, women and children. Those are the figures given in my presence, the other day, by Governor Zulick to the Miller Congressional Committee then homeward bound; and the estimate is probably a fair one. Brigadier-General George Crook, who has had more experience with the Apaches than any other man on the continent, was put on the trail of the hostiles. A knowledge of Indian warfare in Dakota or Colorado boots little here. But Crook knew the Apaches of old. He organized his campaign conscientiously. The new furrows that seam his thoughtful face show that his brain has not been vacationing, these direful months. He has under him old and frontier-wise officers, and as good a rank and file as can well be found in the present army. Running up against the physical impossibility of corralling the hostiles, he has with untiring energy done the next-best thing—kept them

ALWAYS ON THE JUMP.

They could still put a passing pellet through a lonely ranchero; but Crook has kept it too hot for them to get away plunder-laden. And he has them on the hip. Hunted down like coyotes, driven unresting from hole to hole, they are very tired of the game, and wanted to throw down their hands. So a few days ago they sent word to Crook that they wanted a conference. They were intrenched in the ranges not many miles south from the point where the lines of Mexico, Arizona and New Mexico come together. Lieut. Maus was hard by with his band of 84 scouts—themselves Chiricahua and White Mountain Apaches. Upon receipt of the message, Crook started out at once on the morning of March 22 from Ft. Bowie. He was accompanied by Major C. S. Roberts, Adjutant General; Charlie Roberts, the Major's plucky 11-year-old boy; Capt. John G. Bourke, for years the General's right-hand man, then out here on duty in the ethnological branches in which he is fast becoming noted; and the friendly Apache chiefs Alchesay and Kiowtennay. They made the 90 miles to the line by ambulance, with relays; and then rode 25 miles south into Sonora by saddle. Arriving at Maus's camp at the Cañon de los Embudos on the morning of the 25th, they immediately received a message from Geronimo saying that

HE WANTED TO TALK WITH CROOK.

Before an answer could be returned, Geronimo came down from his fastness with Nachita (commonly called Natchez) and several others. He opened with a long prevarication as to the reasons why he had left the reservation. Crook cut him short with:

"Geronimo, you are a liar. I can't believe what you tell me. You must decide at once to surrender unconditionally, or to stay in the mountains. If you decide to stay in the mountains you may be sure that the last one of you will be killed, if it takes the government 50 years to do it. Go back to your camp, think it over, and let me know what you decide. I want no foolishness and no delay."

At this frigid reception of his overtures,

GERONIMO WAS STAGGERED.

Big drops of perspiration beaded his hands and brow, and he tugged nervously at a string in his fingers. He turned away and went back to his camp—a fortified one on an impregnable hill (quarter of a mile from Maus) cleft with cañons and with a plentiful supply of water, grass and wood. Meanwhile Chihuahua had returned with his bucks and a few ponies from a raid in Sonora and joined Geronimo.

CHIHUAHUA WEAKENS.

On the following evening (26th) Chihuahua sent in word that they had been having a long pow-wow, but had arrived at no decision. But for his own part, he said, he

SOUTHWEST MUSEUM

Council between General Crook and Geronimo. (A) Major Roberts, (B) Geronimo, (C) Nana, (D) Lieutenant Maus, (E) three interpreters, (F) Captain Bourke, (G) General Crook, (H) Charlie Roberts, Maj. Roberts' 11-year-old son

was going to surrender whether the rest did or not, and would come in that very night if Crook would let him. "Grey Fox", however was too shrewd to take such desirable leaven from the hostile lump, and replied that none could be received until all should surrender.

THE SURRENDER

On the 27th all the chiefs now off the reservation came in save Mangus, who has been out since '82, and is alleged to be settled in Sonora. Chihuahua was *the* orator of the occasion, and delivered a speech so full of blarney that Pat himself could not better it. It is characteristic of your Indian to flatter like Satan, if he has a point to make—and surely Chihuahua had. His oration is too long for reproduction here. He said in effect that they were tired of being run from water to water, without a chance of rest. That they wished to come in and be Crook's children, and he should be their God. He surrendered himself unconditionally, and only asked that wherever he were sent, his family should be sent with him. Crook replied that they should be if they wished.

Nachita said: "What Chihuahua says, I say. I surrender to you just the same as he did. I give you my word, I give you my body. When I was free, I gave orders, but now I throw myself at your feet. You order and I obey. What you tell me to do, I must do."

GERONIMO'S TALK.

Geronimo was a trifle sulky. His influence had been undermined by Chihuahua, and he felt it. He spoke, however, as follows: "Two or three words are enough. I have little to say. I surrender myself to you (shaking hands with Crook). We are all companions, all one family, all one band. What the others say, I say also. Now I give myself

up to you. Do with me what you please. I surrender. Once I moved about like the wind. Now I surrender to you, and that is all. I surrender to you and want to be just as if I was in your pocket! Now I feel like your brother, and Kiowtennay is my brother also. I was very far from here. Almost nobody could get to that place. But I sent word that I wanted to come in here, and here I am. Whatever you tell us, is true. We are all satisfied of that. And I hope the day will come when my word is as strong with you as yours is with me." (These speeches were taken down verbatim on the spot by Capt. Bourke, and as correct a translation is given as could be had after interpretation from Apache into Mexican and thence into English, the stenographer himself being a good Apache scholar).

Short concurrent speeches were made by Kut-le, Nanay and Ulzanay (commonly called Hosanna); and the chiefs gave up themselves and their followers. This unconditional surrender brought into Crook's hands 92 Apache men, women and children. It was a great victory. The bitterest of the Territorial newspapers began to praise Crook and to poultice the stabs they had given. It was a happy day for the patient soldier. He hurried back to pressing duties at Fort Bowie, arriving here on Monday night, the 29th. Lieut. Maus came on behind, bringing the 92 prisoners in charge of his 84 scouts. And now comes the unhappy sequel.

There is no doubt that Geronimo and his band surrendered in present good faith. They had no other earthly reason for giving themselves up. They were tired of the war, and glad to come in and take their chances. But one of the same

MALIGN INFLUENCES

which have fanned the Apache embers to the blaze of war, year after year, again intervened. The great San Bernardino rancho runs along the Sulphur Springs Valley, from just this side of the line, away down many leagues into Sonora. It is on the traditional trail of the Apaches to Mexico. On this rancho, some 400 yards south of the line, lives a Swiss-American named Triboulett—long notorious in Tombstone as a "fence" for rustlers. He was also concerned in the Fort Huachuca barley steal. He is still looked upon as a fence; and, infinitely worse, furnishes whiskey to the Apaches. He makes no secret of it, and snaps his fingers at remonstrants.

On the 26th, the day before the surrender, it was observed that Geronimo and other bucks were getting pretty full. It has since been discovered that Triboulett had smuggled five five-gallon demijohns to a secret place near their fastness. Still, they surrendered, and came along all right up to Smugglers' Springs where they camped on the night of the 29th. There they came in contact with more of

TRIBOULETT'S WHISKEY,

though some of Maus's Apache scouts—strange commentary on our Nineteenth Century civilization—had smashed this white scoundrel's whiskey barrels, and destroyed all the liquor in sight. The fellow and his emissaries played also upon the fears of the prisoners, and told them they were putting their heads inside the halter. Savage as is the Apache, he is a perfect child in some things. Take him at night, especially when he is tipsy, and the veriest vagabond's ghost story will stampede him. Our forces were utterly inadequate to surround the prisoners to bind or to disarm them. It would have taken 1,000 men and several lives. At the faintest hint of either proposition; they would have been off like a flock of quail.

The conspirators succeeded; and that night, during a rainstorm, Geronimo and Nachita, accompanied by 20 other bucks and 14 squaws—one an immature girl—

SLUNK OUT OF CAMP

and vamosed. They took their weapons, but only one horse.

If any of you martial readers thinks he could have held-in those drink-crazed fiends, he can probably have a chance now to try his hand. In the morning, when the escape was discovered, Lieut. Maus started instantly on the trail of the fugitives, leaving Lieut. Faison and a few scouts to bring up the rest of the prisoners.

Governor Zulick and other Territorial big-bugs have returned to Tucson, after a pow-wow with General Crook. They let it be understood in Tucson before they came, that they would make a formal demand on Crook to have the ringleaders of the renegades turned over to the civil authorities—the popular demand. I have the authority of both sides, however, for saying that no such proposition was made here.

I shall have something to say, presently, as to the murder of Capt. Crawford by Mexican alleged troops last January. It is a matter which may prove of international interest, though there is some occult outside influence at work away from here, to suppress the facts. They will be brought out, however, clear and indisputable.

Charles F. Lummis.

Extra Fare
Santa Fe
de-Luxe

Santa Fe's Ineffable de Luxe

The identifying hallmarks of a true luxury train in the *belle epoque* of railroad travel in the United States, an era extending roughly from 1890 through 1940, were several. They included the most sumptuous imaginable cuisines with a basic dollar dinner, a lady's maid, baths (either tub, shower, or both), periodicals and daily stock quotations put aboard at strategic points en route, a valet for gentlemen, a barber shop, and a buffet whose wine schedule compared favorably with those in the best gentlemen's clubs in New York and Boston. (The wine card of the Boston & Albany's *Boston & Chicago Special* casually lists a Chateau La Rose 1878, an item to cause swooning among oenophiles.) An all-Pullman consist harbored these amenities and was brought up with the brass-railed observation platform with the train's name in electric lights and ornate heraldry which identified it beyond all dispute as a varnish run of breeding and pedigree.

All these things characterized such name flyers of the year 1911 as the *Twentieth Century Limited*, *The Broadway*, *The Overland Limited*, and the New Haven Railroad's ineffable *Merchants Limited*, so that when the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe placed in service between Chicago and Los Angeles a new and sensationally voluptuous flyer, something new had to be added. It was. The Santa Fe's *de Luxe* sailed but once a week in each direction, and space aboard its three Pullman all-room sleeping cars was limited to a fortunate sixty passengers. To ride this perfumed pleasure barge they paid a surcharge of $25, the highest ever charged on an American train and roughly the equivalent of, say, $100 today. They slept in brass beds instead of berths, and aboard the diner, which like all Santa Fe restaurant cars was under Fred Harvey management, a menu of almost overwhelming opulence was available for three formal meals a day and late snacks which were offered passengers in the buffet car before retiring. As the cars approached their terminal, each gentlman passenger was the recipient of a pigskin wallet engrossed with the train's name in gold leaf as a token of managerial esteem and, at the California border, uniformed pages came aboard with orchid corsages for the ladies.

In an age when how you traveled was an index of who you were, *de Luxe* recruited its patronage from the ranks of those who not only expected the best of everything but could afford its service in the middle of the Mojave Desert in the same style they might have encountered at the Waldorf Astoria or the Savoy of London. From the time it got its first highball out of Dearborn Depot in Chicago on December 11, 1911, *de Luxe* was a success of gratifying dimensions. It was immediately rescheduled for the winter season with new and more eye-popping equipment from Pullman, and it continued in seasonal service until 1917 when it was a victim of wartime austerity. As a status symbol, in an age before the phrase had been coined on Madison Avenue, the high iron never knew the peer of *de Luxe*

The pictorial and editorial material describing the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe's de Luxe is excerpted from Volume I of The Trains We Rode by Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg which will be published in September of this year by Howell North Books of Berkeley, California.

The all-Pullman, extra fare flyer that taxed superlatives and set a new standard of transcontinental luxury travel

BY LUCIUS BEEBE

MOULTON STUDIOS

If the fortunate and worldly passengers (above) embarking on *de Luxe* in 1915 at the Santa Fe's La Grande Station at Los Angeles would seem to appear grumpy rather than ravished at the prospect of an enjoyable ride to Chicago, it must be remembered that the day had not dawned for the professional advertising model in attitudes of Madison Avenue allure. These were actual passengers, probably unaware of the cameraman. La Grande Depot (below), long a landmark in downtown Los Angeles, came directly from the drawing board of one of the railroad's draftsmen and was in great request among early Hollywood producers when the script called for a Moorish castle. Arriving passengers from the East were sometimes understandably confused upon descending from the cars in the midst of a spirited battle scene between costumed Bedouin tribesmen and soldiers of the French Foreign Legion.

COLORADO STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MOULTON STUDIOS

BYRON HARVEY COLLECTION

It was the era of wing collars, high button shoes and cloth traveling caps for gentlemen in the *de Luxe* buffet, while the lady passenger at the extreme right, wearing what may well have been one of the railroad's complimentary corsages, optimistically wore white in an age innocent of air conditioning except in de *Luxe's* diner. The souvenir billfold for gentlemen was a radiant prestige item.

BYRON HARVEY COLLECTION · MOULIN STUDIOS

•MENU•
DEC 1 1911
De Luxe

The first air conditioning on any train "assured a cool, continuous flow of fresh air devoid of drafts" aboard the Santa Fe *de Luxe*'s Pullman-built diner. It was patterned on the first air cooling system in the world which had been inaugurated three years previous in New York's luxurious St. Regis Hotel. Indirect lighting, a daring innovation at the time, mahogany-paneled sidewalls and, of course, meals by Fred Harvey (menu shown at right) made dining on the Santa Fe's most sumptuous pleasure barge a Lucullan experience. The patrons only stopped short of dressing for dinner, as was the custom at the time on such European flyers as *The Blue Train* to Monte Carlo and *The Simplon-Orient Express*.

The Santa Fe's promotion of *de Luxe* was explicitly snobbish and aimed at its establishment (although the phrase had not been invented) as a "status symbol." Its suggestion that the train's clientele derived solely from the butlered *bon ton* was conveyed in advertising matter which stressed the limited availability of space aboard its Pullmans and the sybaritic nature of its amenities. It was one of the few name trains in the American record which issued its own cachet or baggage sticker (from the collection of Byron Harvey). Brown's in London, the Plaza in New York, and first cabin on the North German Lloyd were appropriate associates for this aloof insignia. The train's barber shop, like the electrically lit heraldry of the rear observation platform and a stunning wine list, was one of the identifying hallmarks of a train in the grand manner of the *belle epoque* of surface travel. Nervous patrons were reassured against having their carotid severed at sixty miles an hour by a straight razor protected by a patent guard in the hands of an experienced tonsor.

Andrew Jackson Grayson

ARTIST-NATURALIST OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE

BY LOIS C. STONE

Grayson's Oriole, Icterus pustulatus graysonii

"Tres Marias Island . . .drawn May 1865. . . . Nest is ample and suspended from the end of a twig. . . . Scarcely any bird surpasses the Oriole in discovering the hiding places of insects and their larvae. With its sharp . . . bill, which is well adapted for the purpose, it searches any crevice in the bark and leaves of trees—and with its unceasing industry the number which it destroys in one day alone must be immense. . . "

ANDREW JACKSON GRAYSON ABOUT 1850

John James Audubon did not visit the Far West. Western data included in his work came from the notes and sketches of others, and his monumental volumes on American ornithology left most of the western birds undescribed. To the filling of this gap the brilliant, self-taught ornithologist and artist Andrew Jackson Grayson — whose paintings and drawings are found on these pages — devoted the most productive years of his adult life.

The resemblance of A. J. Grayson's paintings to those of Audubon is immediately seen: both artists posed birds in appropriate vegetation, often with their favorite foods; the positions of the birds in the Grayson paintings remind us of the earlier master; and like Audubon, Grayson sometimes introduced a landscape as background. In the same way that Audubon derived some of his best ideas from Mark Catesby's *Natural History of Carolina*, Grayson drew upon Audubon for inspiration. Indeed, it was Grayson's first exposure to Audubon's *Birds of America* that turned him to the single-minded pursuit of what previously had been to him an amiable hobby. Frances Grayson later said of her husband's first look (1853) at the Audubon Elephant Folio:

> I saw at once that Mr. G. was struck— he spent nearly a whole day examining a single copy. . . . From that eventful day Mr. G's path of life had turned into its proper channel. He at once made up his mind to create such a work and call it the "Bird of the Pacific Slope," if it took the balance of his life to do it. He would learn to draw and color equal to the great Audubon . . . and if he never completed the great work he would at least leave a token that such a person had existed.

PAINTINGS REPRODUCED FROM ORIGINALS, COURTESY OF BANCROFT LIBRARY

Military Macaw, *Ara militaris*

"The Great Green Macaw or *Guacamayo* is so called by the natives from the fact that it never descends to the ground but once during the year . . . in the month of May. . . . They alight upon the ground at this season of the year in search of a certain kind of nut. . . . This nut the Mexicans call 'Ava' . . . is deadly poison to any other animal but this parrot . . . The shell is exceedingly hard, but the enormous bill and powerful jaws of the Guacamayo enables it to split each one of the sections with apparent ease. . . "

A love of nature (and a certain resistance to the accepted goals of prosperous farmers and solid businessmen) came early to A. J. Grayson. The Louisiana plantation where he was born on August 20, 1818, was surrounded by "a region uninhabited but by wild animals; bayous, stagnant lakes, cypress swamps . . . the home of the alligator, mosquitoes and billions of frogs." This was where young Jackson loved to roam with gun and fishing rod, and where he first became afflicted with "chills and fever." His rural schooling was intermittent, and it was cut short by an incident which suggests how early he developed an interest in what was to become his life's work:

> Old Tobin continued his school for a year . . . . During this period I made my first attempts at drawing . . .when old Tobin was taking his noon day snooze. . . . My drawings were mainly birds, flowers and foliage. I was engaged one day upon my last picture . . . [when] old Tobin . . . waked up . . . . slily came up and caught me in the act . . . and ordered me . . . to bring out the entire contents of my desk for inspection. This I refused to do. . . . I received a severe blow on the head . . . . In the moment of frenzy I picked up the slate and broke it over the old rascal's head . . . [which was] the cause of my father sending me at once to the College of St. Mary's where I finished my education, but was prohibited from taking drawing lessons.

Some of Grayson's college friends were the sons of trappers and traders, and their stories kindled his enthusiasm to explore the wild areas of the west. Though he acquired the responsibilities of both a shopkeeper (with a store at Columbia, Louisiana) and a husband (to Frances Jane Timmons, in 1842), he let a clerk keep the store while *he* tramped the woods—and his wife accepted the condition of eventual emigration to the Pacific with his marriage proposal. Soon after their son was born in 1844, the Graysons moved to St. Louis, and in 1846 they joined the great overland trek to California. Frances recalled of the journey:

> We were six months constant traveling and laboring before we reached the Sierra Nevadas. In the meantime my husband was often miles from the train hunting and exploring the wild regions through which we passed— every step of which he said gave him that pleasure which suited his taste. Few birds escaped his observation and he kept a list of all the new ones he saw, which I as well as his fellow travelers considered time lost. . . .

Proceeding by way of the proven Fort Hall Road, the Graysons and those with them got over the Sierra Nevada just two days before the route was closed by the heavy snows which trapped the lagging Donner Party.

Jackson and Frances Grayson settled in San Francisco (then called Yerba Buena) in February 1847. Jackson took up shopkeeping again, becoming proprietor of a general store and book shop in the adobe City Hotel on the Plaza. Like many of the pioneers, A. J. Grayson held civic office, participated in the Vigilance Committee of 1851, and was a charter member of the Society of

California Pioneers. He helped found a town at the confluence of the San Joaquin and Tuolumne rivers, a town which still bears his name. He had a ranch in Marin County. Mrs. Grayson wrote of her husband's successes:

> Mr. G. went in to the speculations with the rest, and accumulated money, as who could not in those days. He went to the mines when they were first discovered and was successful in washing out with his tin pan a small capital to begin with.... He was soon considered a wealthy man.

Least Bittern, Ixobrychus exilis

"Mazatlan, October 1, 1868 — The figures in the plate were drawn from a living bird which was captured in Mazatlan during a severe storm. It is not a common species ... more skulking, and conceals itself closer than any of the genus.... I have seen but two others in the swamps near San Blas."

Finding that they had the means to live where they pleased, the Graysons moved to San Jose in 1853 to a place in the country where Jackson could pursue his developing interest in observing and painting birds. A little later Grayson noted in his journal,

> My place was in most flourishing condition. Trees and roses and strawberries had grown up most astonishingly. . . . In a beautiful spot nestling among the trees and roses, was our delightful little cottage (called Bird's Nest Cottage it was)—with its artesian well

Black-bellied Tree Duck, Dendrocygna autumnalis

"It is . . . more nocturnal in pursuit of subsistance; visiting the dry cornfields during the night. . . . I have seldom shot them early in the morning but what their gullets were well stuffed with corn. . . . When taken young, or the eggs hatched under the common barnyard hen, they become very domestic without being confined."

in the front yard . . . . Tame birds ran about the yard which had been domesticated by us with much care and skill—wild ones sung in the grove about the house . . . . It was a spot one delighted to visit.

One of the delighted visitors was Colonel James Lloyd Lafayette Warren, editor of the *California Farmer and Journal of the Useful Sciences*. The colonel was so impressed with the bird paintings recently done by his host that he urged him to submit them for exhibition at the Sacramento Fair. To Grayson's surprise, the paintings won first prize. Later pictures won more prizes for him, even in competition with the famous Nahl brothers, renowned for their natural history paintings as well as scenes of California life.

Another friend to the Graysons was James Mason Hutchings, editor and publisher of *Hutchings' California Magazine*. It was in this journal that Grayson published his first two bird articles (1856-57), illustrated with sketches. He wrote of the "White Breasted Squirrel Hawk":

I have observed, at times, this hawk whilst devouring a squirrel, so teased and tormented by ravens and crows, that becoming extremely disgusted by the black begging set, would leave his honestly gotten prey to be quarreled over by them and again seek for a fresh squirrel . . . thus . . . destroying hundreds of these troublesome squirrels, which are a great pest to the farmer.

His other note for *California Magazine* was written about a pet:

The road-runner is seldom seen on trees, unless pursued very closely, when it has been seen to spring from the ground to the branches . . . but it prefers running along a road or path, from whence it derives its name. .

I have now in my possession one of these birds, which is becoming quite tame, and readily feeds upon any kind of raw meat, but prefers lizards and small birds, which it swallows whole—feathers and all. If given to him alive, he will play with them awhile before swallowing them,. just as a cat will do with a mouse. I have seen him devour three sparrows, one lizard and a portion of the breast of a coot . . . without experiencing any apparent inconvenience.

As Grayson's observations became more competent, he felt the need for the help of professional ornithologists in identifying and understanding the birds he painted. There were few scientific men in San Francisco and their knowledge of ornithology was limited. Ferdinand Gruber, a taxidermist, helped Grayson master the rudiments of his art. The eminent ornithologist Dr. J. G. Cooper spent a few weeks collecting California birds on a government survey assignment, but seems not to have known anything of Grayson. Dr. Alexander Taylor, whose wide interests included ornithology, was a friend of the Graysons but not enough of a specialist to be of much help. To gain the precise scientific knowledge he needed, Grayson turned to the Smithsonian Institu-

American Goldfinch, Spinus tristis

"Roxabelle Farm (residence of Ex Gov. Boggs), Napa Valley, Napa County, California . . . May 1859. . . . Black crowned Goldfinch . . . abundant here builds generally in the low branches of the white oak, (from three to five eggs) . . . winters in Mexico."

tion, then in its tenth year of existence. The assistant secretary, Spencer Fullerton Baird, answered Grayson's plea:

We are much gratified to learn of your willingness and intention to aid the Smithsonian Institution in its desire to collect a complete series of the animals of N. America, and expect very important results from your kind assistance. . . . I like very much your idea of writing up the birds of the Pacific Slope, and cheerfully promise all the aid in my power. . . . I will with the greatest pleasure furnish the nomenclature and scientific history of all the specimens you may forward to us. Even though you could not afford to publish colored figures of all the species, a contribution to science of little less importance would be this series of biographies, by which you could readily become known . . . as the Audubon of the west. . . .

By the end of 1856 "Bird's Nest Cottage" had become a bountiful establishment, but the Graysons had decided to leave:

California no longer offered me the inducement to remain upon her soil. She was no longer the California. Fresh and Virgin like as she appeared when I first beheld her from the Sierra Nevadas in 1846—she too had become bankrupt, her credit gone and her once bright and smiling face now wrinkled and care worn.

My destination was Tehuantepec. I sent my son to St. James College in Maryland to school on the 19th of January 1857. And on the 17th of March following, we found ourselves embarked on the *Mary Taylor* for Tehuantepec. . . .

The *Mary Taylor* was wrecked in landing, and the Graysons lost most of their possessions, including Jackson's portfolio of paintings and all his painting supplies and ammunition. Still he was able to make notes and sketches and prepare some study skins, and later he acquired materials to make a few paintings. An opportunity came to go with a party planning to survey for a railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, but he fell ill with a fever and decided to return to San Francisco. One of several live birds he was bringing home with him suffered a fatal accident, and Grayson's journal recorded:

The large Royal Pheasant died. Upon opening him I found that a nail which he had swallowed had penetrated through his gizzard. . . . On examining the interior of the gizzard, I found a complete medley of articles more befitting an iron mungers shop, than the stomach of a bird. . . .

In the spring and summer of 1859 the Graysons visited the Napa and Sonoma valleys of California. While his family enjoyed a stay on Samuel Brannan's sheep ranch, Hot Springs, Jackson was busy all the time collecting and painting birds. He wrote of his collecting experiences to Professor Baird:

The Blue Birds and Woodpeckers [eggs] I have not yet secured—all the nests of the Woodpeckers had young when I reached them. But I shall in a few days have the Blue birds—I having pasted a small paste board box with a hole cut in it upon one of the posts

Yellow-billed Cuckoo, Coccyzus americanus

"In the summer of 1852, whilst on a hunting expedition, and encamped in the woods on the north side of the bay of San Francisco, upon a thickly wooded creek, not far from the point known as 'Corte Madera' . . . the beams of the bright full moon penetrated here and there the fringed foliage of the lofty redwood . . . when suddenly . . . came softly to my ear . . . the voice of an old acquaintance, and what a train of reflections did these familiar sounds bring to my mind! — the happy days of my early youth."

of the upper Veranda of the Gov's house for the benefit of a small wren which seemed anxious for some place to make her nest.

The Wren soon discovered it and was delighted with the premises—nothing could have surpassed them in their happiness—the male sang with rapture—and they both soon commenced work bringing longer sticks than would go in the small hole I had cut, but to remedy this she would move it in her bill until she got it near the end, when she would take it in endwise exhibiting by doing so something more than instinct. But the third day before they had commenced their nest, the Blue Birds came and ejected the poor little rightful owners from their little house and took possession themselves. They are now in a fine way to lay and I will send you the eggs with my next.

While in Napa County, A. J. Grayson prepared several articles with paintings of California and Mexican birds. These were published in the *Hesperian* (March - August 1859), the illustrations reproduced as lithographs colored by hand.

The Graysons had by this time decided to settle in Mazatlán and explore the west coast of Mexico. During the ten years (1859-69) that Jackson was in Mexico, he did most of the work on which his abilities as an artist-naturalist must be judged. In addition to exploring the coast, Grayson studied and collected the birds of Tres Marias, Socorro, and Isabel islands. He contributed many articles to newspapers in Mexico and California, and some to magazines. Some of these writings were under his own name, but many (in the fashion of the day) were published under his pen names — "Wanderer," "Rambler," "Occidentalus," and "Haystack." Still, his major work went unpublished.

Frances was his enthusiastic helper. She copied his rough notes, preserved plants, insects, and other supporting materials for his paintings—and offered her unfailing encouragement. Jackson usually sketched his birds in the field, carrying a small pocket notebook for this purpose and for the recording of data. Whenever possible he worked up his finished paintings from a living model. He painted on Reynolds' Bristol Board, using Winsor & Newton watercolors. Details of the birds were finished before he drew the botanical surroundings or other background. It was his habit to rough in the masses of vegetation and landscape, completing the rendering at his leisure. In a remarkably short time he developed a technique which produced pictures of vital composition and luminous color. Above all, his delight in his chosen occupation was apparent in the paintings.

In an attempt to procure the financial support required for the publication of a work to rival Audubon, Jackson and Frances went to Mexico City in 1866 to see the Emperor Maximilian and Empress Carlota. Grayson's proposals were received favorably: The National Academy would underwrite publi-

cation; the work would be produced in folio, with hand-colored plates and text in English, French, and Spanish; the artist would be subsidized during the time it took to complete the project. Though the Graysons were twice robbed during their journey and returned to Mazatlán almost penniless, the ultimate success of the work seemed assured. But almost immediately Maximilian's regime collapsed and he was executed.

The fall of the empire ended Grayson's contract, but he continued painting and managed to organize an exploring trip with his son to Socorro Island in 1867. Some details of this trip Grayson recorded in his journal:

> On the 19th of May, seventeen days from Mazatlan we ran into this cove with a fair breeze, and about 8 A.M. dropped our anchor. . . . The Capt. felt a great deal of uneasiness at the appearance of things generally, particularly being so near the breakers, and the first thing we knew he ordered the anchor hauled up and the mainsail hoisted, with the intention of beating out against a head wind. This movement proved fatal to our craft. . . . Her center-board had already struck and broken off, and her keel soon commenced thumping on the rocks as she surged heavily at her anchors.

Rescued from this isolated island after about a month, Grayson and his son were put ashore in San Blas. While they were there, the son was murdered in the night by an unknown assailant. Despite this crushing sorrow, Grayson kept on with his painting and study. In the spring of 1869 he went as a guest aboard the U.S.S. *Mohongo* to Isabel Island. Here he was stricken with a fever which resulted in his death at Mazatlán, August 17, 1869.

Shortly after his death, Mrs. Grayson sent her husband's studies and paintings for the appraisal of Spencer Baird. He replied:

> As far as my own opinion of that work is concerned, I give no hesitation in saying that I consider the memoir [unpublished], next to the work of Mr. Audubon, the most important contribution yet made to American ornithology, in the form of good illustrations and interesting biographies.
>
> The plates are drawn with exceeding care and represent the minutest features of the species . . . , while as it regards the fidelity of coloring I do not believe they have ever been excelled.

All materials are either original manuscripts or newspaper accounts. A forthcoming book on Grayson and his work is based on this research. Bancroft Library of the University of California has furnished most of the data, and the author is deeply grateful to Dr. George P. Hammond and the staff for their patient assistance. Other important archive sources are: the Smithsonian Institution, Library of Congress, New York Public Library, New York Historical Society, California Historical Society, Society of California Pioneers, California State Library, Sutter's Fort Historical Monument, and the Henry E. Huntington Library. Notable private collections contributing are Colonel Waddell F. Smith and the Grayson Family Papers, through the kindness of Leon Brooks, Jr. Legends for the paintings are from Grayson's notes or letters.

AVALANCHE AT THE BLACK BEAR

Not many men have lived through an avalanche. One who has is Harry Johnson, a Swedish miner in the little town of Telluride, 8800 feet high in the rugged San Juan Mountains of southwestern Colorado. Though the shattering occurred many years ago, Harry still is reluctant to talk about it. One evening, however, sitting quietly in his and Rose's cabin at Trout Lake under the Vermillion Peaks, one of the most serene and lovely spots in all this land, he remembered. He said more than perhaps he realized. For what came out was not so much an account of disaster, although that was involved, as it was a reliving of gustos and vitalities that held together a social scheme very different from the one we know today.

Machines do our work now, lightening burdens which, repeated day after day, used to destroy not only a man's stamina but sometimes his spirit. To produce ore it is no longer necessary to go with reckless young men, as Harry Johnson did, to the white basins above timberline and wrest it from the mountains with only the tools one's own hands could manipulate. Sparing men this labor is a gain. But some of the immediacies of our common humanity, faiths which the young men absorbed as instinctively as they breathed the thin, dry air up in those cold immensities—these also have changed.

Harry Johnson was born in Upsala, Sweden, in 1888. In 1906 he emigrated to Pierre, South Dakota, where an uncle was an attorney. The stay was short. Harry had come to the New World to find independence, but his uncle maintained old-world notions about guardianship. Harry moved on to an apprentice's job in the huge Homestake gold mine in the Black Hills.

In 1909 he drifted into Telluride, Colorado, a storybook sort of place, nestled in the bottom of a glacial trough shaped like a horseshoe. Steep timbered slopes, bands of granite cliffs, and pyramidal peaks more than thirteen thousand feet high form the closed end of the horseshoe. Here and there perpendicular swaths slice through the evergreen forests. These are scars left by avalanches.

When Harry arrived in Telluride, two dozen mines dotted the higher basin. These mines laboriously turned out gold and silver ore that was transported on mule-back, in wagons, or by spectacular aerial tramways to the stamp mills near town for further reduction. The population of the district was less than five thousand, for Telluride was not a wild boom town. But it was prosperous. Those who wanted work had it. The mines and mills paid their men on the fifteenth of every month in softly clinking gold pieces. Paper money was a curiosity and distrusted.

Many Scandinavians had congregated in Telluride, maintaining their old customs in their social halls and

Disaster high in the Colorado Rockies

BY DAVID LAVENDER

around their native steam baths. At one of their celebrations Harry met Rose, who had been born in Telluride and whose Finnish mother ran a popular boardinghouse. On December 16, 1914, they were married. Harry was twenty-six, Rose nineteen.

In order to build up a stake as quickly as possible, both of them went to work at the Black Bear mine, Rose in the kitchen, Harry underground. Though it did not seem so at the time—they were young and used to hardship—the Black Bear was remote and difficult. Trails led to it, of course, but the quickest communication was by aerial tram, a spidery, tower-supported cableway which carried iron buckets high over the gorges and down the cliff faces.

The Black Bear tram was divided into two stages. The first led from the portal of the mine, at an elevation of 12,050 feet, down through a wild, treeless, cup-shaped basin to a transfer point known as the Curve Station. The Curve Station perched on the brink of Ingram Falls, a cataract that dropped three hundred feet over a cliff and then foamed in a troubled silver ribbon another twenty-five hundred feet to the approximate level of the town itself. The section of the tram that ran from the Curve Station to the valley floor soared downward in a series of breathtaking jumps. The longest span between supporting towers was eight hundred feet, and at one point the cable was three hundred fifty feet above the ground.

Town-bound miners—and Rose—used to go down one person per bucket, sitting crosslegged on the load of shiny gray ore, one arm wrapped around the steel support that held the container to the moving cable overhead. By easing the brake on and off in a certain fashion,

Winter Scene, Telluride, Colorado. Ingram Falls, site of the Curve Tram Station, drops over the cliffs that form the base of the notch (above the electric-light pole on the right-hand side of the street). The Black Bear mine lay up the gulch that leads off to the left above the falls.

HARRY JOHNSON

the operator at the Curve Station could cause the buckets to rise and fall in tremendous sweeps, as he often did when Rose was on the longest span.

Did it scare her?

"Not really," she said, there in the cabin at Trout Lake, "but it pleased the boys to think it did, so I pretended. It was fun, actually."

Another strenuous kind of fun came in winter. The course of the Finlander Slide (the major avalanches in the region are all named) parallels the drop of the stream. When snows pile deep in March, the Finlander invariably cuts loose and bellows into the valley. It leaves behind a long polished streak of snow packed as hard as stone. In the old days a miner in a hurry to reach town from the Curve Station would sit on a broad-bladed scoop shovel, hold its short handle up between his legs in front of him, and scoot down the slope so fast that the friction made the shovel seat uncomfortably hot.

Rose wanted to try the run, but Harry thought she needed practice first. He persuaded her to sit on a slower moving broom and then went ahead to a rough stretch where he anticipated that she might have difficulty. Sure enough, she fell and spun toward him like a hoop. When he tried to stop her, she knocked him off his feet. They both rolled and bounced half a mile down the mountain, almost into the town. All they lost was breath. What they gained was not sympathy, but broad banter. That was the way the Telluride Scandinavians lived—strenuously. And warmly, linked by unity as staunch as it is indescribable.

Whenever the Black Bear slide broke loose, as it did nearly every winter, it coursed down a steep rock chute in the steep sides of the upper basin close to the mine entrance. It mauled the edges of the surface buildings now and then, and when the company erected a new, three-story boardinghouse capable of feeding and sleeping a hundred fifty men, they cautiously set it back from the chute near a ribbing of cliffs. Every worker knew that two different slides funneled into the main chute, one from either side of the upper cliffs. In fact, concussion created by the running of the first slide often jarred the

The buildings involved in the avalanche at the Black Bear mine. The step-down building to the left includes the snow shed from the portal of the tunnel, the crushing plant, the ore bin, and the tram terminal. The boarding- and bunkhouse (to the right) was the main building at the mine.

HARRY JOHNSON

other into motion. The second had never yet followed so close on the heels of the first that the chute clogged. It seems not to have occurred to anyone that if that jam-up should occur, the incalculable pressures would of necessity squeeze the second slide up and out of the normal channel.

Not long after the new boardinghouse was erected, metal prices dropped and the Black Bear closed. Harry Johnson found jobs in other mines near Telluride—living on borrowed time, he says. Once, at the Liberty Bell, he fell while working at the top of a shaft six hundred fifty feet deep. Luckily he hung up on some timbers. His fellow workers managed to get a rope on him and haul him out. For two days he lay in a coma in the town hospital. Waking, he decided what he needed most was a drink, found his clothes, and left.

Because of that sort of thing he kept trying to leave the mines. But he was never happy when he was away. Down in the damp stopes with his fellows, mist fogging from their drills and shadows scissoring in the glow of their carbide lamps, out at the edges of the slides, or just leaning against the bar at the Roma scheming up a practical joke to play on a friend—in that living he found a meaning, a solidarity, that he missed when he left. Somehow it made danger irrelevant and he kept coming back.

When copper, lead, and zinc prices rose a little in 1925, Harry's friend Ike Partanen obtained a lease on the Black Bear. Ike had consumption, however, and his doctor would not let him risk high altitudes. So Ike asked Harry, who knew the mine, to round up a small crew of good men, patch the buildings, reopen the tunnels, and see whether they could at last scratch together for all of them the stake they kept dreaming about.

Harry picked his men with care. He needed a cook, too, but decided against taking Rose. Instead he hired one of Rose's friends, Marie Rajala. She was twenty-six. Her husband, Ed Rajala, thirty-eight, was to be the blacksmith and drill sharpener. They joined the crew at the Black Bear shortly after New Year's Day, 1926. As Marie kissed Rose good-bye she said, "We'll see you in the spring if the slides don't get us." She didn't mean anything by it; the expression was just a turn of speech in the mountains like "God willing," or "Don't take any wooden nickles."

Counting Marie, sixteen persons lived close together in one section of the cavernous boardinghouse originally built for a hundred fifty. As a mascot they had a shaggy black-brown-and-white shepherd dog named Karhu, which is Finnish for *bear*. Their routine was to stay at the mine until they had enough ore to fill two freight cars. Some of them would then take the ore down on the upper tramway to the Curve Station, transfer it to the lower section, and return to blast loose another pair of carloads. A small operation, but after their bills were paid they had a little left over. When summer came, Harry figured, they should be able to start really pushing.

On March 21 another two carloads were ready. The next dawn they started it down the hill. Eleven men went to the Curve Station to help with the transfer. Nine of them had time coming and wanted to spend it in town.

Marie Rajala (left) and Rose Johnson. Taken in Telluride in the fall before Marie left to work at the Black Bear mine.

HARRY JOHNSON

Five, including Marie, stayed behind to attend to the daily chores at the upper mine.

It was a beautiful morning, bright sun striking bursts of light from the deep, rolling swells of snow. The tram worked without a hitch. But as they were finishing the transfer, clouds boiled up and the wind began to stir. No one worried. Afternoon squalls are normal in the mountains.

By the time the last of the nine vacationers was on his way down the hill aboard a swaying bucket of ore, the clouds had closed around the peak-tops. The wind fired sprays of snow pellets that stung like B-B's. Harry and the one man with him, Ed Elzey, waited until a telephone call assured them that the departing men had reached the lower tram terminal safely. Then they started for the Black Bear. They could not ride the upper tram, for an operator had to be in the station when the cable was moving, so they walked.

Marie and Ed Rajala joined the crew shortly after New Year's Day — Marie as cook, Ed as blacksmith and drill sharpener.

HARRY JOHNSON

The blizzard intensified until they could not hold their eyes open against it. They lost the trail. They still were not worried, for they supposed they could follow the tram route from tower to tower. The slope was steep, but the earlier sun had crusted the snow, and they went ahead by kicking out one foothold above another.

They took turns spelling each other in the lead. The wind hammered and screamed. Now and then one of them fell. His companion would help him up and they would go on, bent and gasping. The grayness thickened. Once as Harry was wiping his eyes on the wrists of his mittens he realized that the tram towers had vanished in the murk; he no longer knew exactly where they were.

Night deepened. From the tilt of the slope Harry surmised that they had veered too far right and were above the cliffs that towered over the mine on that side. Falling over the precipice in the dark might be more disastrous than burrowing a hollow into the snow and trying to keep alive until morning by huddling close to each other.

With their hands, they began scooping out a cave between some rocks. The wind lulled briefly and they heard gunshots. The four men still at the mine (Paul Rutherford, Ed Rajala, Emil Karki, and the teen-ager, Lennie Kangas, whom they called Kid) had fastened a long wire rope to a post so that they would not lose their way and had pushed out into the blizzard to look for the pair.

Harry's instinct had been right: a little farther on, he and Ed Elzey would have walked over the cliffs. Now they were able to work their way around and back to the mine. Marie put them near the stove beside the sleepy-eyed dog, Karhu, filled them with hot soup, and picked up her everlasting knitting. There was a little kidding back and forth, but mostly the tired pair were content to loll back loose and easy in their chairs, feeling good with these friends who had found them. Rescuers is too formal a word. This was what one expected, a sort of linking of arms, a quiet saying of "No" to the storm.

The blizzard howled through the rest of the month. Except for delaying the return of the vacationers, it caused only inconvenience at first since most of the work was underground. Then the telephone line went out and later the power line. The workers had to make do after

that, but so long as they had coal and food they did not mind very much.

Twice they heard the rumble of distant avalanches. That also was to be expected, and Harry told himself not to worry; the boardinghouse had been built carefully away from the Black Bear slide. Doubts kept nagging, nevertheless. Finally he decided that instead of huddling together near the kitchen, they should scatter. If an avalanche did strike, some of them might survive to dig out the others.

He moved Paul Rutherford and Ed Elzey to the top floor of the west end. He put Emil Karki in the commissary room on the ground floor just off the kitchen. He moved the Kid, Lennie Kangas, farther down the second-story hall. But he did not shift Ed and Marie Rajala; they stayed in their second-floor room at the top of the stairs from the kitchen. Harry, who needed to be near his papers, remained in his combination room and office just across the hall from the Rajalas.

The storm had begun March 22. At two o'clock in the morning on Good Friday, April 2, one segment of the Black Bear slide roared down its chute. The vibration woke Harry. *Anyhow that's over,* he thought in relief.

Before he could let out his breath, the second wave came. It overtook the first, compressed itself fantastically with its own enormous pressures, and squirted sideways out of the channel.

It broke the boardinghouse in two. The western piece was hurled almost intact up toward the base of the cliffs. The other section, the kitchen end, was crunched into fragments and strewn, together with pieces of other buildings, half a mile down the slope into the basin.

For Harry Johnson the episode began as a splintering crash, a whirl through blackness, then ended in appalling quiet. He felt no pain, but when he tried to move nothing happened. For a moment he dissolved into panic there in the soft, total darkness. Then he took hold of himself and began to reason. He was flat on his back. Deliberately, experimentally, starting with his bare feet, he tried to move some part of himself. He could not bend a joint. He was packed in compressed snow as form-fitting as a concrete mold. Strangely, it did not occur to him at first to try wiggling his neck.

His pajamas were intact, not even a button gone. He had no idea where he was, except that he sensed he was no longer in bed. Gradually he grew aware that his hair was touching something solid. He discovered that he could wag his head sideways an inch or two. After rubbing it back and forth for a while he decided that he was touching a piece of corrugated iron from the wall outside his room. This tenuous link with familiarity was somehow reassuring.

There was a small air space above his nose. Breathing deeply, he tried to gain room by flexing and relaxing different muscles. But the snow kept settling and he made no gain. After a while he heard a faint crackling sound.

He could not analyze what it might be, but he shouted as loudly as he could. The noise ended, and at last Harry began to feel uncomfortable. The heat of his body was melting the snow that touched him, and the wetness made him cold.

He wondered about the others. He thought of Rose. Fragments of their life dropped in and out of his reverie. Somewhere he had heard that the easiest way to freeze to death is to go to sleep. He was not afraid; since that first moment of panic he had stayed calm. Oddly, the touch of the corrugated iron, the one man-made thing left in his constricting world, kept helping him. He began drawing deep, rhythmic breaths, willing unconsciousness.

The crackling noise he had heard earlier had been made by Ed Elzey and Paul Rutherford walking on some planks above him. Their room had been in the unbroken section of the boardinghouse. Shaken but unhurt by the building's wild flight, they crawled out of their beds onto the sloping floor, collected their wits, pulled on their clothes, and made their way outside. Enough of the mine works remained intact for them to orient themselves in the soft moonlight that seeped through the clouds and glimmered back from the snow.

Though painful little snow pellets still rode the wind, they started down the line of debris to see whether anything stirred. No luck. At the bottom they turned and looked back up the dim, long, desolate scar. It never entered their minds that there was scant hope of finding anyone buried under the mass. They started back up. In order to cover the area as thoroughly as possible, they separated and zigzagged methodically back and forth.

In a depression tented by splintered timbers they found the Kid, Lennie Kangas. He was still in his old iron bed. The covers had been whisked off, and the ornamental rods at the head and foot had been bent inward, so that he was trapped like a hamburger in a grill. Though not seriously injured, he was painfully bruised and chilled through. They half dragged him to the intact portion of the boardinghouse, put him on the floor between two mattresses, and told him to stay there. Still half-stupefied from shock, he fell asleep.

Once more Ed Elzey and Paul Rutherford zigzagged down the mat of snow and debris, turned and toiled back up. This time Emil Karki appeared like a genie through the diffused, eerie light in front of them. His bed in the commissary had been next to a wall whose lower part was of rock. The rock held and the slide swept over the top of it leaving Emil in a cave. Finding a board, he chipped his way out through the packed mass. The effort exhausted him, and he too was clad only in pajamas. Elzey and Rutherford stowed him between the mattresses with the Kid.

At dawn the wind rose again. Nevertheless, Elzey and Rutherford made one more trip. As Ed paused for the second time on some planks to catch his breath, he

HARRY JOHNSON

These two photos show all that was left after the avalanche. The west end and top floor of the boardinghouse was tossed up against the cliffs. Elzey and Rutherford were in this upper part of the building. The Rajalas were found under the floor below. The photograph on the right shows the remains of the boardinghouse at a slightly different angle from the one on the left.

HARRY JOHNSON

thought he heard someone moaning. It was Harry Johnson, six feet down. Just as he had been drifting asleep, he had heard again that crackling noise. This time he realized the sound was caused by feet and started not moaning, but yelling at the top of his lungs.

Elzey and Rutherford dug through six feet of snow with their hands and struck the corrugated iron surrounding Harry. They could not budge it. Rutherford started down the slide, hunting a tool. Full daylight had come, but snow was falling heavily. He was lucky to spot, two hundred yards away, a dull glimmer of metal. He pounced on it. It was a meat saw from the kitchen.

They gave Harry the mattress treatment, too. The three men thawed each other, crawled out, and joined the search for the Rajalas. Deeming himself in better shape than Emil or the Kid, Harry insisted that they divide between them such spare clothing as Rutherford and Elzey had had in their room. He tied some gunnysacks around his own feet, some towels around his body and head.

The dog Karhu stumbled into sight, no one knows from where. He blundered into pieces of wreckage and did not heed their calls. He was deaf and blinded. They caught him and kept hold of his collar while they searched. Soon they were all cold and as dazed as the dog. In fact, Harry does not recall what did happen. But they must have decided that the Rajalas had not survived and that they themselves dared wait no longer. Help was not likely to come: the telephone had been down for several days, and people in town probably assumed they were waiting out the storm in a snug boardinghouse carefully located where it would be safe. In their condition another night at twelve thousand feet might be fatal. Giving up, they stumbled in a blurred, forgotten ordeal of exhaustion down through the basin, down past the falls to where they could summon aid.

Clean-up crew back at the mine after the avalanche. Standing from left to right: Emil Karki, Harry Johnson, Paul Rutherford, and Ed Elzey—all survivors of the tragedy. Santeri, by the dog Karhu, had gone down the hill prior to the slide.

HARRY JOHNSON

The first rescue party that started back up to look for the Rajalas failed to reach the Black Bear mine. In Harry's estimation they were greenhorns and did not understand how to travel at high altitudes in soft snow, on slopes too steep for skis or snowshoes. He pleaded to go on the second attempt. It wasn't that he really thought Ed and Marie might still be alive. It wasn't the guilt of fruitless "if's": if he stayed up there looking a little longer; if he had sent them down for the Easter holidays; if he had moved them to another room—Harry Johnson was too thorough a realist for that. It wasn't even that he felt he had been lucky twice in the same storm and owed something to those who had not been. It was—who can say?—a thing too impalpable to sit in words on a man's tongue. A last recognition of human bonds up in those unhuman immensities. A salute at the edges of bigger immensities. A friend gives. That was why he had kept coming back to the mines. But the doctor did not, or would not, understand. He made all of them stay behind when the second attempt was made.

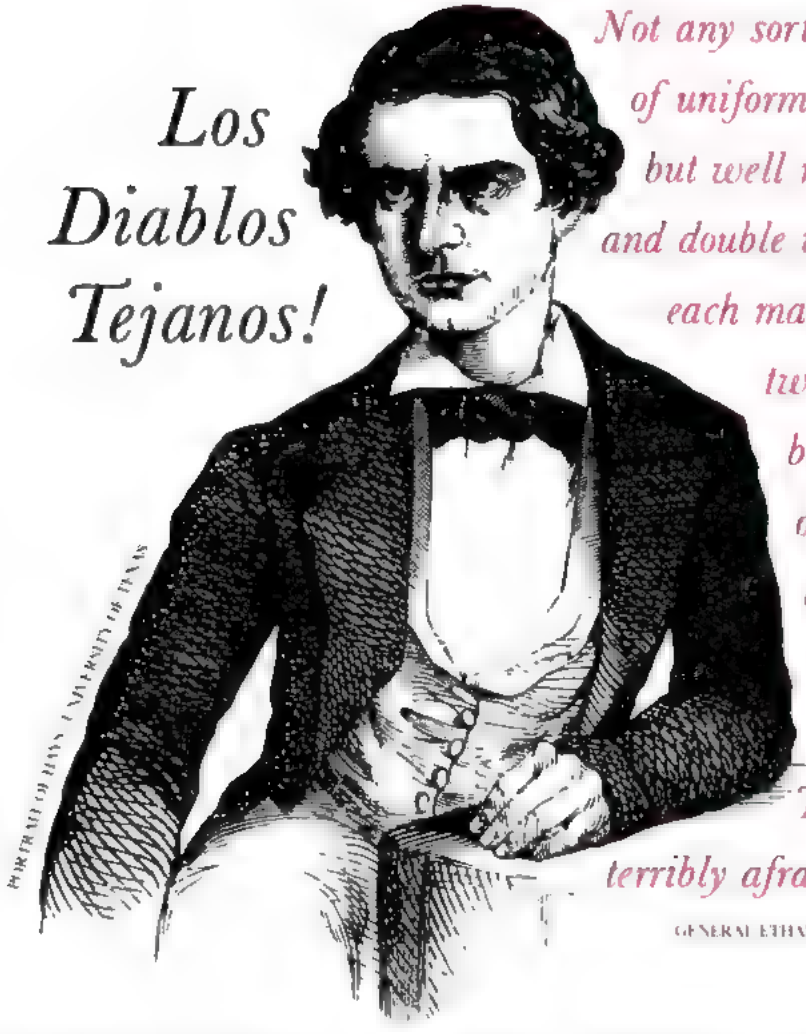
They sat in town and mended—the dog, too—while the searchers probed four days with long steel rods, finding only debris. Finally someone noticed a strand of green yarn and recalled Marie's inveterate knitting. They followed it into the snow and up through a splintered hole in what had been the floor of a room. The bed was there, upright, even the covers undisturbed. Everything looked natural, until the searchers realized that the first thrust of the avalanche must have carried the pair up against the roof, where a broken beam had crushed the tops of their heads. Their arms were around each other. They may not even have awakened.

At least that was the way the searchers told it to Harry. He did not see it with his own eyes. It troubles him still.

Los Diablos Tejanos!

Hays's Rangers have come,
their appearance
never to be forgotten.
Not any sort
of uniforms,
but well mounted
and double well armed:
each man has one or
two Colt's revolvers
besides
ordinary pistols,
a sword,
and every man
a rifle. . . .
The Mexicans are
terribly afraid of them.

GENERAL ETHAN ALLEN HITCHCOCK



PORTRAIT OF JOHN C. HAYS / UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

BY STEPHEN B. OATES

In the sweltering twilight of May 22, 1846, a company of sunburned, grim-faced Texas Rangers, the advance unit of a newly organized Texas regiment, rode into Fort Brown, the farthest southern outpost of Anglo-American civilization in Texas and combat headquarters of General Zachary "Old Rough and Ready" Taylor, commander of the Army of the Rio Grande. The war with Mexico over the disputed Texas boundary and ultimate control of the American Southwest had begun less than a month before, but Taylor's troops had already won two decisive victories over a demoralized Mexican army and sent it in headlong retreat for Monterrey, some one hundred fifty miles southwest of Fort Brown. The possibilities of crushing this army and ending the war in

northern Mexico were bright indeed, and Taylor was already moving his veterans across the placid waters of the Rio Grande when the Texans, who had seen no action yet, halted on the weed-infested parade grounds and reported to the general. Taylor promptly sent them along to scout the hostile lands ahead of his advancing columns. As the Rangers splashed across the river into a Mexican sunset, they broke into their celebrated "Texas Yell." At last—at long last—they could shoot Mexicans legitimately and shoot to kill.

It was not long before the rest of the Texas regiment, under the overall command of a convivial, boy-faced colonel named John C. "Jack" Hays, joined this advanced company near Matamoros. Taylor no doubt expected a great deal from Hays's outfit. The Rangers were veteran Indian fighters, known for their extraordinary courage and endurance. As individual fighters they were virtually incomparable: almost no one could fire a six-shooter with more accuracy; almost no one could move quicker and use a bowie knife with more skill in close-quarter combat. But as soldiers who had to respect rank and order, these Rangers were beyond hope; they soon proved themselves so wild and tempestuous in camp, so uncontrollable in battle, that even Taylor, as spirited and independent as any man, came to regard them as barbarians, as "licentious vandals." For no sooner had they arrived in Mexico than they began to commit distasteful acts of violence; they raided villages and pillaged farms. They hanged unarmed Mexican civilians. On one occasion Taylor lost his temper altogether and threatened to jail the lot of them. The occasion was a Fourth of July celebration near Matamoros in which the Texans stole two horse-buckets of whiskey to wash down a meal of Mexican pigs and chickens which they had killed "accidentally" while firing salutes to honor the day.

What could Taylor do with such men? He could not put all seven hundred of them in the guardhouse no matter how much he might like to because the Rangers would be indispensable as scouts once the entire army was underway. As one of their own put it, the Rangers

General Zachary Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready," commander of the Army of the Rio Grande, President of the United States, 1849-50

"were not only the eyes and ears of General Taylor's army, but its right and left arms as well." Nevertheless, the general had to do something, for on August 2 he received a report that the Rangers were at it again. While encamped at Matamoros they attended theaters, jingling spurs on their boots, rifles in their hands, Colt revolvers in their holsters, and pistols and bowie knives tucked in their belts. They not only frightened the citizenry but also picked fights with regulars in the United States Army and shot down signs in the middle of town.

What, Taylor kept asking, made these men do such things? Was it simply inherent in their nature? Were they criminals? Were they mad? Or had it something to do with that wild frontier beyond the Rio Grande whence they came, that land whose revolution some ten years before had finally started this war which Taylor was committed to win? For Texas in 1846 was indeed a hard, cruel frontier, whose soil was thin and dry, whose commerce was slight, whose Indians were most belligerent and, if Tonkawas, were man-eaters—a land where pioneers, if they lived at all, lived by their own cunning and granite will. The Rangers themselves came from the fringe areas of frontier Texas, from the thickly wooded and red-hilled districts in the east, from the twisted mesquite country in the west, and the sweltering brush regions in the far south. They came from a land whose civilization was divided into little remote pockets

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of settlers who had gathered together out of a common fear—a fear of coming violence, a fear of the unknown. Such isolated communities had only a trace of civil organization, almost no law, and one over-riding justice: revenge. Yes, vengeance was the moving spirit—a spirit of passion—by which men enforced their rights in frontier Texas. Avenge the horses which renegade Indians had stolen by moonlight; avenge those stout, red-necked women whom Comanche bands had roped and dragged through prickly pear until they were mangled beyond recognition as human; avenge the insults which a neighbor had shouted in moments of cold fury; avenge the friend who had died in the metallic blaze of some stranger's guns; and now, for the Texas Rangers fighting with Taylor, avenge the fathers and brothers, uncles and cousins whom the Mexicans had slain at the Alamo, at Goliad, and on the plain of San Jacinto. Yes, if Taylor was looking for an answer, this was it: this persisting compulsion to avenge atrocities committed upon their people now moved the Texans to commit atrocities themselves—to hang Mexican civilians, to gun down peon farmers in the moving sand south of the river, to open fire with savage pleasure on little brown boys running barefoot through the streets of Matamoros.

Somehow though, Taylor must discipline them or President Polk, who did not like the general for political reasons, might reprimand him in public for waging an uncivilized war. The trouble was that the Rangers were beyond discipline, and Taylor knew it. It was impossible to control hard-boiled frontiersmen who liked to drink and to swear and who were in Mexico to settle a score and were not to be bothered by rules and regulations in going about it. Except perhaps for their commander, Colonel Hays, who was mild mannered when he was not in battle, their officers had the same attitude. Veteran Indian fighters such as Ben McCulloch and Samuel Walker had become officers not because they could give orders or could click their heels but because they could outfight anyone in their commands.

Because of their attitude about fighting, Taylor had considerable misgivings in sending them to scout the region east of Monterrey when the army, after nearly a month of final battle preparations, at last resumed the march for the Mexican stronghold. On this scout the Texans lived up to his expectations, not only as the eyes and ears of his main column, but also as "licentious" vandals who committed further outrages. A glaring example was the time they caught a poor wretch trying to steal one of their horses and decided to show Mexicans in that area how Texans administered justice. They tied, gagged, and shot him dead, leaving the corpse in the blowing sand as they mounted and rode away to the west.

Moving through light and darkness, they overtook Taylor near Monterrey on September 17. It was here that their vandalism gave way to something far more annoying: a persistent refusal to follow orders. When McCulloch's Rangers, followed by Taylor himself and his immediate staff, made a reconnaissance the next day, the Texans kept pointing at a black fort halfway between the American camp and the city. Taylor warned them not to try anything, but the Rangers ignored him, let out an ear-splitting yell, and charged the fort without order or organization. "Like boys at play," said a regular who watched them.

> those fearless horsemen in a spirit of boastful rivalry, vied with each other in approaching the very edge of danger. Riding singly and rapidly, they swept around the plains under the walls, each one in a wider and more perilous circle than his predecessor. Their proximity occasionally provoked the enemy's fire, but the Mexicans might as well have attempted to bring down skimming swallows as those racing dare-devils.

This remarkable exhibition opened the three-day battle for Monterrey. In it the Texans again demonstrated their daring and cheerful disregard for discipline. With pistols blazing, they led one wing of Taylor's army against three forts protecting the southwestern end of town; McCulloch's company, with a terrible cry, captured the Bishop's Palace almost single-handed. Then, before Taylor's main column could get into position on the other end of town, the Rangers ignored their orders to stay where they were and charged the city's inner defenses. Followed by light infantry, the Texans ran

through a blanket of rain, shooting at blurred figures at windows and on rooftops, tunneling through adobe walls with pick and crowbar, sprinting through the watery streets to overwhelm artillery emplacements and to cut the gunners' throats. At last the Texans reached the heart of the city, only to receive an angry note from General Taylor to withdraw so that his artillery could shell the city before the main attack began. Outraged, the Texans sent back a note that they had carried the lower half of the city by themselves and that they would not budge. In a few moments the bombardment commenced with the Texans still in the target area, but as if by a miracle none of them was hurt. They soon received another message to hold their positions while the commanding general and the Mexicans had a talk. By nightfall an understanding had been reached, and the Mexicans began to evacuate. Not long after, on October 2, 1846, the Rangers, whose six months' enlistments were over, set out for Texas in pairs and groups; Colonel Hays and staff were the last to go in mid-October; and regulars who watched them leave praised them for their extraordinary courage against overwhelming odds.

General Taylor, too, grudgingly commended them for gallant action, even if they had disobeyed orders, and watched them ride off with unmitigated relief: the prospect of having nearly seven hundred idle Texans in Monterrey now that the fighting was over was a foreboding thought, even for Old Rough and Ready.

Taylor, however, had not seen the last of the Rangers. Captain McCulloch and twenty-seven of his most pugnacious Texans returned to Mexico when they heard that Santa Anna himself was leading an army over the desert with a ringing promise to drive the *gringos* from Mexico or to perish in the attempt. Taylor received the Texans cordially enough, putting them to work as scouts and couriers. On February 16, while the American army entrenched at Agua Nueva, the general sent the Texans across the desert to scout Santa Anna's position at Encarnacion, about thirty-five miles south of Monterrey. Beneath a sliver of moon, the Rangers slipped inside enemy lines and came finally to a low ridge overlooking

Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, many times dictator of Mexico. He had fought the Texans at the Alamo and lost to them at San Jacinto.

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

the Mexican army, encamped on a vast plain. It was a chilling sight: tents and huts as far as the Texans could see, and thousands of men and wagons moving about in the flickering shadows of orange watch fires. In a few moments three of the Rangers slid down the ridge and crawled from fire to fire counting bedrolls and cannon and occasionally knifing a careless sentinel; at last they rejoined the others on the ridge, then all the Texans rode under the noses of Mexican pickets and raced back to report. Santa Anna, they concluded, had over twenty thousand men and a far superior field position for the forthcoming battle. Knowing then that he was heavily outnumbered, Taylor ordered a withdrawal from his exposed position at Agua Nueva to an almost impregnable one behind the Angostura Pass near Buena Vista where he could not be flanked. That afternoon, with blare of trumpet and tuck of drum, Santa Anna's legions attacked, but Taylor's army turned back assault after assault and at last forced the Mexicans to withdraw. Had the Rangers not been there to scout for him, Taylor might have engaged the Mexicans at Agua Nueva and gone down to defeat.

As it was Taylor had won a brilliant victory, a victory that ended the war in northern Mexico and made him enormously popular in the public eye. He would have thanked the Texas Rangers for their good work had they not got drunk after the battle and picked a fight with an

entire regiment of regulars, starting a riot that required several hundred military police and a troupe of cavalry to bring under control. Satisfied then that the regulars now had sufficient respect for their fighting abilities, the Texans set out for home. After they had gone, General Taylor requested that no more Rangers come to help.

The Texans, however, were not yet through fighting. When Winfield Scott invaded the Valley of Mexico in the spring of 1847, Jack Hays recruited a second regiment of Rangers and sailed down to join him. The new regiment, five hundred strong, had the task of clearing out all guerrilla fighters in the front and in the rear of Scott's advancing columns. They were under orders from the commander himself—who understood Ranger temperament better than Taylor did—to spread terror and take no prisoners, in short, to fight without quarter.

When the Texans disembarked at Veracruz that September, they heard disappointing news from the valley: Scott had already captured Mexico City; Santa Anna had fled into the mountains with the remnants of his bleeding army, and a makeshift government at Querétaro, some one hundred fifty miles northwest of Mexico City, was about to sue for peace, which meant that the war was virtually over and which depressed the Rangers enormously. That afternoon, still quite depressed, they rode over to Vergara, a few miles outside of Veracruz, to pitch camp. As they tried in vain to set up tents in the shifting sand and blowing wind, a band of infantrymen under a white flag came into camp with a barrel. This barrel, the infantrymen explained, was full of the best whiskey available in Veracruz; it was a peace offering from their regiment—the 9th Massachusetts Infantry—which was encamped there and which had heard about the Texans' propensity to fight their own countrymen if Mexicans were not available. The Texans thanked them with an air of supreme condescension and, after they had gone, proceeded to get pleasantly drunk. As they drank on into the evening, occasionally taking a potshot at flying birds or thrown rocks and sticks, one Ranger suggested that they go into Veracruz for the women of ill repute and for a good fight or two. And they might have done it, too, had not Adjutant Rip Ford, who did not drink, suggested a guerrilla hunt instead. There was a guerrilla band operating some thirty miles away, the adjutant had heard, which could easily be found and whipped. It was high time, he declared, for them to "sustain the reputation of Texas Rangers and not lie around in idleness." The Rangers quickly agreed, and they hurried away to get their guns and prepare to ride.

It was dark when the Ranger column moved out of camp. After an all-night ride which sobered them considerably, the horsemen entered a sweltering jungle with parasitical vines that had to be chopped away with bowie knives before they could advance. The Rangers at last reached a waterhole at the edge of a rolling prairie and stopped to rest. Suddenly, Adjutant Ford shouted something, then leaped on his horse and galloped away with his pistol blazing. Barely visible on a rise several hundred yards away was a party of guerrillas moving at a killing pace. Mounting on the run, the rest of the Rangers followed the adjutant, shooting recklessly, yelling, spurring their horses faster and faster. On they rode, the guerrillas alternately disappearing and reappearing in the tall grass and ravines, with Ford, not far behind now, trying desperately to draw a bead on the last rider; then came the other Rangers who fired their revolvers and fired again.

Over the prairie and through the woods the wild riders raced. At last the guerrillas' horses gave out and they had to take shelter at a ranch. From its buildings they fired at the yipping Texans who galloped past at full speed while returning the fire, then rode back and dismounted to fight the Mexicans hand-to-hand.

The fighting was over now except for a fisticuff two Rangers were having over a dead Mexican's sombrero. After that was over and all the loot had been fairly divided, the Texans headed toward Vergara at a gallop, fearing that a larger enemy force might soon come to overwhelm them. The ride back soon became a race, for "two things are considered uncomfortable by mounted men of pluck," Adjutant Ford mused, "to be in the rear in a charge, or behind in a retreat."

The next day, October 17, Colonel Hays, who had been in Veracruz during the past week, rode into camp with encouraging news: all the American troops in the Veracruz vicinity were finally going into action. Their orders were to proceed to Puebla, to "disinfest" the valley of Mexican bandits and irregulars, and then to join General Scott in Mexico City. On November 2, 1847, with Adjutant Ford and his newly organized spy company leading the way, the Texas Rangers set out for Puebla, followed by the 9th Massachusetts Infantry, then by regular cavalry and artillery. The column crawled through the Mexican sand and dust, thirsty and tired, still following the Rangers. The column forded rivers that were treacherous with quicksand and shifting mud, hacked its way through humid jungles of vine and bush, and finally reached Puebla on a warm, sticky afternoon in late November. On the plain outside of town there was a brief engagement between the Texans and a regiment of Mexican Lancers, brilliant in their glittering armor and snapping colors, who had ridden over from Izúcar de Matamoros some miles away. The Rangers charged them fiercely, and the Lancers, outfought and outflanked, soon fled.

That evening the Texans celebrated their victory by putting on a show for the local inhabitants. They rode recklessly about the town plaza, two and four and six abreast, jumping off and back on their mounts and picking hats and bandannas off the ground. Then, bored with that, they got up a great *fiesta*. A regular officer who saw the Texans celebrate recalled in later years that

> they certainly were an odd-looking set of fellows, and it seems to be their aim to dress as outlandishly as possible. Bobtailed coats and "long-tailed blues," low and high-crowned hats, some slouched and others Panama, with a sprinkling of black leather caps, constituting their uniforms; and a thorough coating of dust over all, and covering their huge beards gave them a savage appearance. . . . Each man carried a rifle, a pair of . . . Colt's revolvers, a hundred of them could discharge a thousand shots in two minutes, and with what precision the Mexican alone could tell.

The Mexican soldier could tell all right: he had stood up to these Texans that afternoon and had been soundly whipped. He had found out that they were uncanny marksmen who could pick a man off at full gallop over one hundred twenty-five yards away, while he had to shoot one of them at least five times to kill him. The Mexican would not of course admit that he was an extremely poor shot, that his cartridges contained twice as much powder as was necessary, and that this caused his musket to kick bruisingly, which in turn spoiled his aim. Nor would he admit that he feared the recoil of his weapon so much that he often closed his eyes and flinched while firing. No, the explanation lay with the Rangers themselves who were supermen knowing neither fear nor death. But worst of all, the Texans had six-shooters. "The untutored greaser," according to a veteran of the afternoon's action, had a "holy awe and superstition . . . in regard for the 'revolver.' They understood the term to mean a turning around and about—a circulator; and were led to believe the ball would revolve in all directions after its victims, run around trees and turn corners, go into houses and climb stairs, and hunt up folks generally." Consequently, Mexican officers had found it next to impossible to keep their men in line when the Rangers, firing their terrible revolvers and crying the "Texas Yell," came flying down on them.

That yell was another thing. It was awful to hear, even more terrifying in sound than the celebrated "Rebel Yell" of the Civil War. The Texas Yell consisted of a series of wildcat screeches followed by a bloodcurdling yip-yip—"such yells," said one Ranger, "exploded on the air" and "have been heard distinctly three miles off across a prairie, above the din of musketry and artillery."

This hideous yell, the revolver with its ubiquitous bullets, the enormous horses, the tall, bearded supermen from beyond the Rio Grande who defied Mexican *escopetas*—no wonder Mexicans at Puebla viewed the Texans' disturbances that evening with profound human terror. And no wonder, too, that when the Americans set out for the capital the next day, villages along the way turned out to watch the Texans ride by. And no wonder, finally, that citizens in Mexico City were frightened to

death when on December 6 Colonel Hays led his Rangers into the heart of the city well ahead of the main column. *"Los Diablos Tejanos!" "Los Diablos Tejanos!"* cried the Mexicans as they crowded along the streets to get a look at the "Texas Devils."

The Rangers had been in town scarcely an hour when they began making trouble. While they waited on the Grand Plaza to get their camp assignments, a Mexican came along with a basket of candy; a Ranger leaned over from his horse and took a handful, but refused to pay. The nervous old man shrieked at him, but the Ranger only laughed, so the Mexican hurled a large stone at the Texan's head. Almost instantly there was a resounding roar as a pistol appeared in the Ranger's hand, and the Mexican leaped back as if from a powerful blow, dying before he struck the ground. "There must have been ten thousand people on the Grand Plaza," another Texan recalled. "They were desperately frightened; a stampede occurred. Men ran over each other. Some were knocked into the filthy sewers, all were frantically endeavoring to increase the distance between themselves and *Los Tejanos Sangrientes*—the bloody Texans."

Los Diablos Tejanos. What made them so vicious? They came to Mexico for revenge, they said, but revenge soon became a pretext for acts which transcend human understanding.

There was a hatred in Mexico City, a growing hatred of those *Diablos Tejanos* who brawled in Mexico's saloons and beat up her men and made violent love to her women. Finally, as the weeks passed and the number of outrages increased, the Mexicans had taken enough: one moonless night a large band of them caught a lone Texan in the streets and stabbed him until "his heart was visible, and its pulsations were plainly perceptible." When the Texans saw his slashed body the next day, they "burst into tears" and swore to avenge this ugly deed. That night, beneath a cloudy sky, some twenty-five of them walked deliberately into that "cutthroat" section where the slaying had occurred and murdered from fifty to eighty Mexicans, including young toughs called *leperos*, women and small boys.

This was of course too much for everyone: Mexicans over the city, no matter their age or sex, threatened a war of reprisal against the Texas Devils and sent a delegation to General Scott with a demand for retribution. If the Texans were not properly punished, the delegation warned, then the Mexicans would rise up and "seek satisfaction."

After they had gone, General Scott called the Ranger captains to his headquarters. The general was in an ugly mood; he would not, he declared, "be disgraced, nor shall the army of my country be, by such outrages." What, he growled, made them behave as they did? Did they wish to start this most unhappy war all over again, just when the Americans were about to consummate a treaty with Mexico which would permit them all to go home? Did the Texans not want to go home, did they want to stay here and fight? One captain suggested that that indeed was what was wrong: they all needed a good fight. Nothing else would assuage their pugnacity, their "incorrigible meanness," as one of their own had put it. Well, if it was a fight they wanted, perhaps the general could oblige them. He had in mind one of the most bloodthirsty bands of *guerrilleros* in Mexico, that of Padre Jarauta, which was hiding out somewhere in the valley east of Mexico City. Over the months this elusive band had ravaged American trains coming from Veracruz, had ambushed cavalry detachments and burned outposts. And it would give the Rangers a severe test.

The Ranger captains agreed to the operations at once and left. They were anxious to get in the saddle and prove themselves against the infamous *guerrilleros;* first, however, the Texans must find them, and that in itself was a formidable task.

The Padre's *guerrilleros* were clandestine marauders, but it was no secret that they lived freely among the *peons* and *leperos* in the villages all across the great valley, gorging themselves and dancing in fiestas lasting for days. They made the law in that region and the law was the bullet; they fancied themselves indomitable fighters and dressed in resplendent costumes that kept in awe the pauper youths who idolized them, who lied and stole for

them. To the youths they were not men but gods, these *guerrilleros,* in their great sombreros, their velvet jackets so elaborately embroidered by their special senoritas, their skin-tight trousers that were slit open at the sides and fastened by dazzling gold buttons, and the tiny silver bells on their boots that tinkled as they walked, and those huge spurs, and their swords, and the *escopetas* in their hands and their lassos swung over their shoulders, which they could use with deadly dexterity in close-quarter combat. Yes, they were fighters without equals they said, and the poor who sheltered them and kept their secrets, the youths who worshiped and the senoritas who loved them, knew in their hearts that no one, not even the Texas Devils starting down the valley, could ever really defeat them

Yet, the Texans, riding in a two-column front behind Hays, the Lone Star flag and the Stars and Stripes whipping about in the wind overhead, were coming now with every intention of defeating these *guerrilleros* once and for all. Riding by night and resting by day, the Rangers searched the whole valley for Padre Jarauta; they skirmished with his detachments at Otumba, Tehuacán, and Tulancingo, but could never find the Padre himself with his main column, said to be four hundred fifty strong. Finally, one evening in mid-February 1848, the Rangers were given a clue: a young senorita at a Tulancingo saloon remarked in a moment of intoxication that Zacualtipan was the Padre's secret headquarters. Moments later the Rangers, reinforced by a detachment of United States dragoons, mounted in the streets and moved at a gallop into the Mexico night. They reached the outskirts of Zacualtipan just as the February sun was coming up over the mountain peaks. They charged down the early morning streets, taking the *guerrilleros* almost completely by surprise. While the main force under Colonel Hays stormed the plaza, a dozen other Rangers leaped from their horses to engage a large body of partially dressed Mexicans who had gathered in an open lot. The Texans fought deftly with revolver and bowie knife in a fast-moving hand-to-hand fight that lasted about fifteen minutes before the Mexicans broke and fled over the walls and away into the mountains beyond. The Texans then ran up the street to the plaza where a crazy, confused battle was raging: yelling like animals, Americans and Mexicans were wrestling and slashing at one another with long knives, were firing into each others' faces and stomachs at point-blank range. The killing finally ended at mid-afternoon with the *guerrilleros* following their Padre down the valley in head-long flight; and Adjutant Ford who saw the smoking streets littered with corpses recorded that at least one hundred fifty "Mexicans had ceased to feast on *tortillas*" that day.

It was a brilliant victory, even if the Padre had gotten away alive, and the Texans celebrated it that night, singing and dancing in the streets in spite of the stench of dead bodies in the air. The next morning they headed back toward Mexico City convinced that with this victory their service in Mexico had only begun, that on the day they caught this Padre again or caught any other Mexican bandit army they would fight a battle which Mexico would never forget.

As it turned out, Zacualtipan was the last battle for the Texas Rangers in Mexico. When they reached the capital, they learned that an armistice had been signed and that the Americans were evacuating; the Texans' orders were to ride to Veracruz where transports were waiting to take them home. It was a tragic turn of events, and the Rangers were extremely bitter about it.

On March 18, 1848, the Texas Rangers rode out of Mexico City with heavy hearts and headed for Veracruz. Some ten days later they reached Jalapa, where they heard news that cheered them considerably: General Santa Anna would pass through Jalapa on his way out of the country into exile. The men became quite excited; they would kill Santa Anna; they would. . . . But Colonel Hays warned them that they could do nothing to Santa Anna now, for the war was over and the fallen emperor was, according to the colonel's reports, traveling under a safe conduct pass from General Scott himself. Hays made them promise to pitch camp nearby and to stay there, then left them under Adjutant Ford and rode over to an estate some miles away where Santa Anna was expected

to take supper; the colonel, Ford was told, wanted to have "a few words" with his old enemy.

Hays had been gone barely an hour when the Rangers became quite uncontrollable. The entire regiment was "in a white heat," Ford recalled; "revenge was the ruling passion of the hour" as the Texans started crying for Santa Anna's head.

Adjutant Ford did not know what to do. Colonel Hays was probably the only man who could dissuade the Rangers from their plan to murder Santa Anna when he passed over the road near their camp. It was not that Ford had had a change of heart about Santa Anna. The adjutant would have liked to get a shot at the Mexican himself, but under the circumstances he had to think of the consequences. For should the Rangers gun down Santa Anna when he was leaving the country under a safe conduct pass, they would all get into serious trouble. This Ford told them; he pleaded and reasoned with them and somehow—he would wonder how for years after—managed to convince them that if they did kill Santa Anna they would all go to prison. Grudgingly, they agreed not to harm him if Ford would at least let them get a look at the general as he passed. Ford consented.

Grumbling about their missed opportunities and bad luck, the Rangers aligned themselves on each side of the road and waited. Presently, Santa Anna whose "face blanched a little at the sight of his enemies of long standing" approached in an open carriage, followed by a Mexican guard of honor brightly dressed in plume and sash. As the carriage passed by, the Texans glared at the Mexican leader with cold hatred, looking as if they wanted more than anything to be turned loose on him or at least to shake their fists at him. Santa Anna seemed to sense their hatred. "He sat erect," a Texan observed, "not a muscle of his face moved; if his hour had come he seemed resolved to meet it as a soldier should." But the Texans did nothing, nothing at all; and after the carriage had disappeared in the trees, they filed back to camp more bitter now than before.

The next day the Rangers joined Colonel Hays at Jalapa and rode on to Veracruz, where on April 29, 1848, all of them except the colonel and Adjutant Ford were mustered out of service in a sad and solemn ceremony. A few days later, they boarded troop transports and sailed north for Texas, no doubt spending the humid days at sea reminiscing about the war and their part in it and how much more they could have done had it lasted longer. According to their officers, according to Texans back home, some already gathering at Port Lavaca to give them a rousing welcome reception, according to contemporary writers already assiduously at work recording their deeds of derring-do, the Rangers had done all that was humanly possible: they had helped whip a nation given to political coercion and persecution, to all those passions of despotism which so violated their Anglo-American heritage of freedom and the natural rights of man. Yes, in the short two years the war had lasted, the Texans had "waged hostilities upon a scale they deemed legitimate" and had proven themselves "good citizens and meritorious soldiers."

Yet what about the outrages they perpetrated on the Mexican people?

Said Adjutant Ford: "It was sometimes difficult to restrain these men, whose feelings had been lacerated by domestic bereavements and who were standing face to face with the people whose troops had committed" such "bloody deeds" as massacring Texan prisoners at Goliad and in the ill-starred Santa Fe and Mier expeditions. If the Rangers themselves had indulged in a few excesses, it was because they were an intensely proud band of fighting men who wanted revenge—even if revenge became a cloak for pillage and murder, the Rangers were still honorable—"good citizens and meritorious soldiers"—who had a "high grade of patriotism for Texas."

So the Rangers have been presented to posterity. No writer has dared to challenge this traditional image, to take them to task for their vainglory and unpredictable violence. Even the venerable Walter P. Webb, whose *Texas Rangers* has clearly become a classic study, refuses to say much about their worst crimes—their propensity to hang and stab civilian men and ransack their homes, to kill women and children under the pretext of revenge

for a slain comrade, to fight their own countrymen when Mexicans were not available. The same is true of virtually every other study of these men—they may be scolded occasionally for a minor misdemeanor, such as stealing pigs and whiskey, but their demonic deeds either are entirely ignored or played down or explained away as the inevitable results of their militant patriotism. There is apparently no other explanation. The Texas Rangers were not sadists. *Surely* they were not that. *Surely*, as pioneer volunteers representing a democratic nation, they had killed for something beyond a mere love of violence. *Surely* as frontiersmen imbued with the republican principles of tolerance and Christian love—for they all, according to Ford, knew the historic meanings of their own Revolution and read the Bible—surely then they had been moved to kill civilians by something other than an indigenous racial hatred of Mexicans. *Surely*, unlike the citizen soldiers of Revolutionary France, the Texas Rangers had not succumbed to that intoxicating passion of killing just to kill.

It is difficult indeed to consider the possibility that these heroes of the Republic, whose courage and fighting prowess we still revere, regarded war as the barbarian hordes of Genghis Khan—that war was one occupation in which man could strip himself of all compassion, all diplomacy, and fight with uninhibited fury, as the violent nature of his soul dictated.

In preparing *"Los Diablos Tejanos!"* I made extensive use of the Texas Governors' Letters File preserved in the archives of the Texas State Library in Austin, letters dating from 1846 to 1860. I also examined the correspondence of Zachary Taylor in the *House Executive Documents, No. 60*, 30 Cong., 1 sess. Taylor's letters abound with complaints and descriptions of Texan atrocities from the time his army occupied Matamoros until it drove Santa Anna across the desert in the battle of Buena Vista. Those letters of July 7 and October 1, 1846, and June 8 and June 16, 1847, are especially useful because they describe in vivid detail the Texans' vicious character and independence. Taylor concluded that they were too "licentious" to be good rank and file soldiers.

Winfield Scott's prodigious correspondence is also in the *House Executive Documents*, and several of his letters pertain to Ranger activities—especially their killings—in Mexico City and in the vast valley where the *guerrilleros* rode. These, Taylor's letters, and all of the official papers and records of the Rangers themselves, collected in Records Group No. 94 in the National Archives, constitute the official documents on which I based a large part of my story.

The most helpful sources were, however, the diaries and memoirs of the Rangers themselves. Rip Ford's Memoirs, located in the archives of the University of Texas in Austin, contain an intimate account—over one hundred pages—of the Rangers from the time they arrived in Veracruz until they left two years later. Ford recounts the operations outside of Jalapa, the ride to Mexico City, the Mexico City atrocities, and the expeditions against the *guerrilleros* in lively—and at times unbiased—detail. It is my opinion, as well as that of the late J. Frank Dobie and Walter Prescott Webb, that Ford's reminiscences are among the best on the Southwest. In fact, much of what I had to say about the Rangers are Ford's own observations

Another splendid reminiscence is S. C. Reid, Jr., *The Scouting Expeditions of McCulloch's Texas Rangers* (Philadelphia, 1848) which recounts in considerable detail the Rangers' part in the Monterrey campaign. J. J. Oswandel's *Notes on the Mexican War, 1846-47-48* (Philadelphia, 1885) is full of anecdotes and contains a vivid description of the *guerrilleros*, as does Ephraim M. Daggett's sketch, "Adventure With Guerrillas," in Isaac George's *Heroes and Incidents of the Mexican War* (Greensburg, Pennsylvania, 1903).

Several members of the regular army wrote memoirs too and in them recorded their own impressions of these Texans. John R. Kenly's *Memoirs of a Maryland Volunteer, War With Mexico* (Philadelphia, 1873) has a long passage on the Rangers' part in the street fighting in Monterrey; so does Luther Giddings' *Sketches of the Campaign in Northern Mexico* (New York, 1853). T. W. Ridell's reminiscences, printed in the *Pioneer* (San Jose, California) of February 15, 1901, contain a few well-turned phrases about the Texans' part in the Buena Vista operations. Albert G. Brackett's *General Lane's Brigade in Central Mexico* (Cincinnati, 1854) has a rare sketch of Colonel Hays and his men when they landed at Veracruz and encamped at Jalapa. Brackett also describes the Rangers' disturbances in Puebla and their unforgettable entry into Mexico City. Colonel Ebenezer Dumont's letters, published in the *Indiana Register* and quoted in the *Democratic, Telegraph and Texas Register* (Columbia, Texas), February 24, 1848, describe Scott's wrath when he learned about the Texans' outrages in Mexico City; Dumont also sketches the Texans' entry into the capital, as do various correspondents for contemporary newspapers—such as the New Orleans *Delta* and New Orleans *Picayune*—some of whose pieces have been reprinted in *Jack Hays, the Intrepid Ranger* (Bandera, Texas, n.d.).

In addition to these sources, I examined a dozen or more secondary accounts of the war and of the Rangers' part in it and benefited immeasurably from the perceptions contained in them. The most helpful was, of course, Walter Prescott Webb's *The Texas Rangers*, which does not, however, recount the more violent acts the Rangers committed

KANSAS THROUGH A CAMERA IN 1867

Stereographs from Alexander Gardner's Photographic Art Gallery

"Photographic outfit" (Gardner's traveling darkroom — photographer himself with the long beard)

BY ROBERT W. RICHMOND

On September 21, 1867, the Lawrence *Daily Tribune* announced:

> Mr. Gardner, a photographic artist from Washington City is in Lawrence, having come to Kansas for the purpose of taking photographic views of remarkable and noted places in our state. He comes here, we believe, under the auspices of the Union Pacific Railway to make draughts of points on the road. He will take a view of Massachusetts Street this forenoon. These views will be a fine advertisement for our state and we hope the artist may have all the assistance and courtesy which our citizens can render him.

Alexander Gardner, the "photographic artist," was on a transcontinental journey which was to end on the Pacific Coast. He took more than one view of Massachusetts Street that day as well as others in the Lawrence vicinity. From mid-September through mid-October 1867, Gardner's camera caught a great variety of Kansas subjects, and his pictures today provide a unique record of infant cities, historic sites, prairie scenery, and the construction of a major railroad from the Missouri River to the eastern edge of the High Plains.

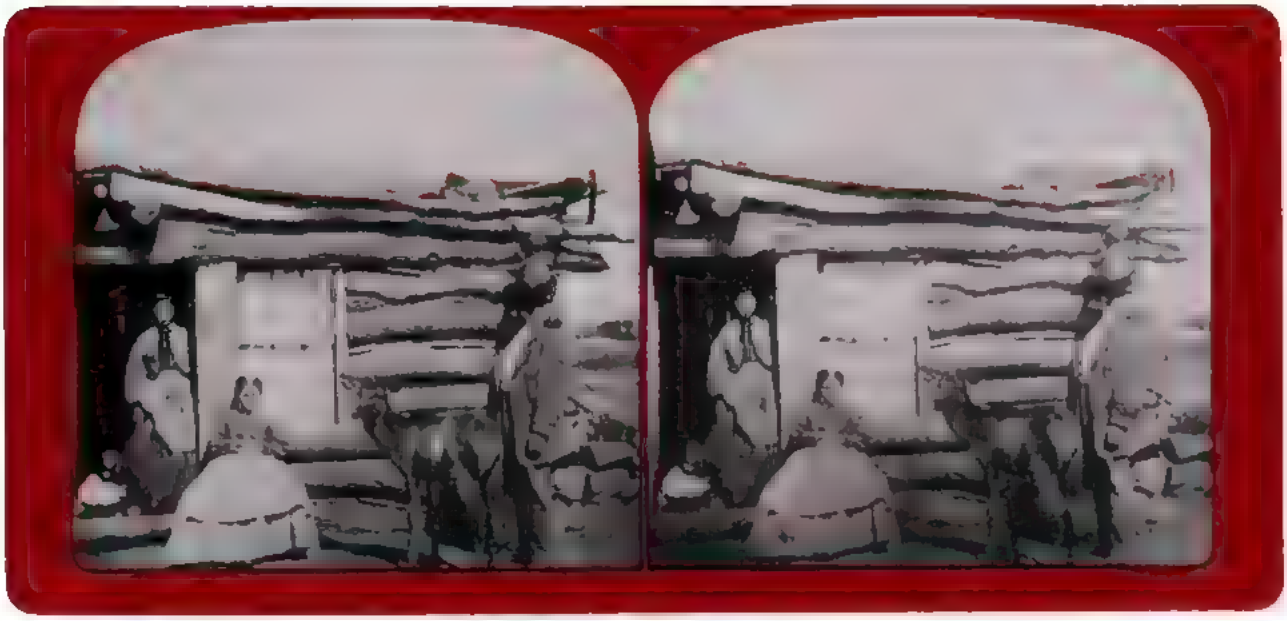
Gardner's life is somewhat enigmatic. E. F. Bleiler, in the Introduction to the Dover edition of Gardner's *Photographic Sketch Book of the Civil War*, presents most of the known biographical information about the man. Gardner was born in Scotland in 1821 and became a newspaperman, eventually serving as editor of the Glasgow *Sentinel*. Science was his avocation, but he also dreamed of founding a utopian colony in the United States. The latter interest led him to send friends and relatives to Iowa where a settlement was begun. It apparently thrived, but Gardner never joined the group.

In 1856 he immigrated to the United States and for seven years worked for the famed Mathew Brady. It has been said that Brady subsidized Gardner's trip to America, but no one seems to know definitely how the two experts in wet-plate photography first became acquainted. Two years after his arrival Gardner was made manager of Brady's Washington gallery, and when the Civil War broke out, Gardner followed his employer to the combat zones. Bleiler states that Gardner took many of the pictures which usually appear in print over Brady's name, including three-fourths of the photographs concerning the operations of the Army of the Potomac. It would be difficult to establish just who took each picture, but it is certain that Gardner was an outstanding pioneer in the kind of wartime photography that reached brilliant heights in more recent conflicts.

Brady lost his star employee in 1863 when Gardner opened his own studio in the nation's capital. He made portraits, including a well-known Lincoln study, and also took more pictures of military scenes. In 1866 Gardner issued his *Photographic Sketch Book of the Civil War*, a magnificent but financially unsuccessful pictorial presentation. A year later he closed his Washington gallery and headed west with a wheeled darkroom like one he had used during the war.

Gardner traveled first to St. Louis and then to Wyandotte, now a part of Kansas City, Kansas.

All illustrations are reproduced from original stereographs from "Gardner's Photographic Art Gallery," courtesy Kansas State Historical Society. Captions are Gardner's own, taken from the back of the original stereographs



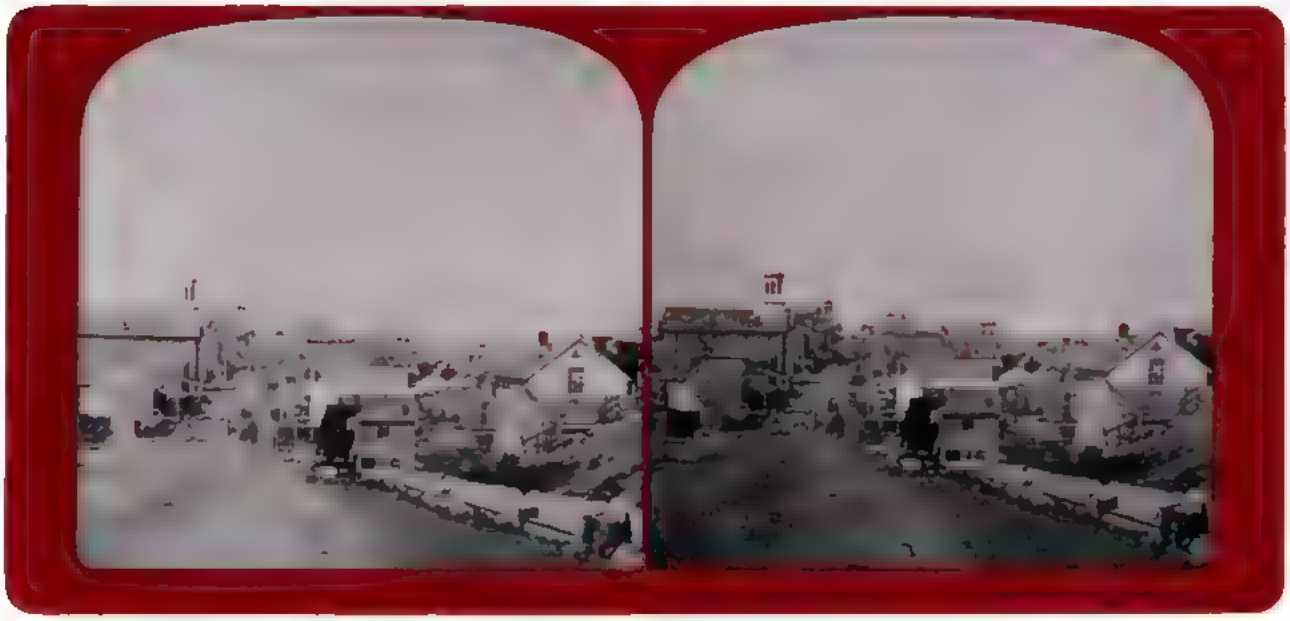
"Group with tame elk at ranche on Clear Creek, Kansas"

"Massachusetts Street, Lawrence, Kansas, (cattle in foreground)"

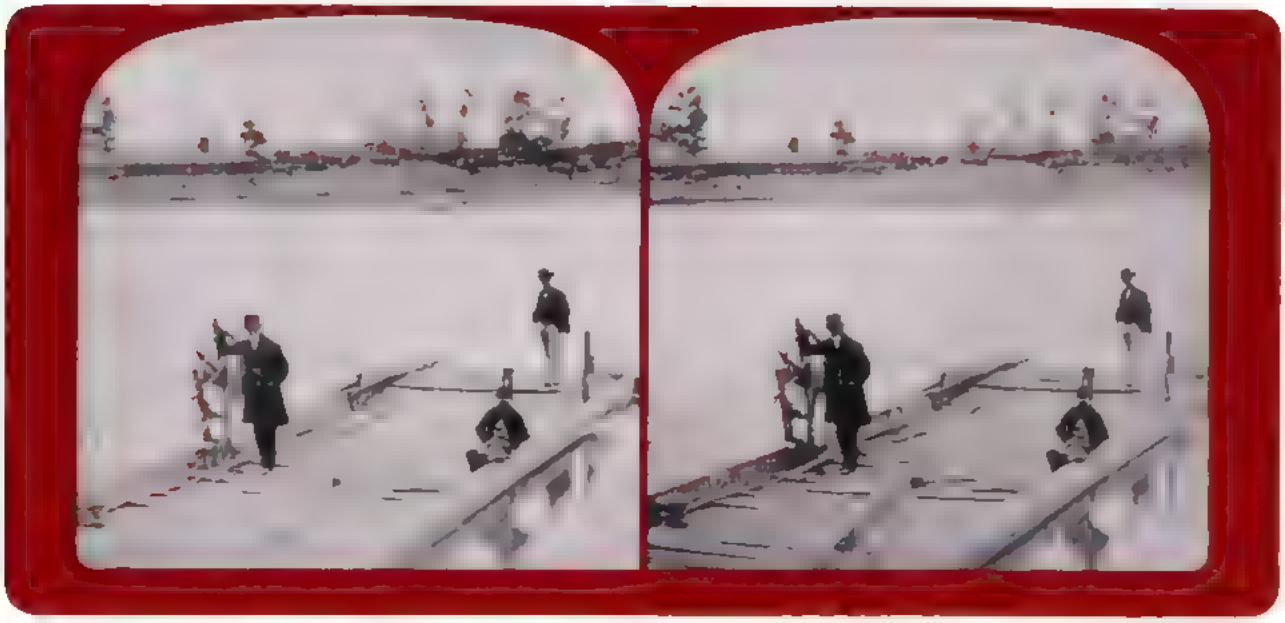
"Railroad yard at Wyandotte, Kansas"

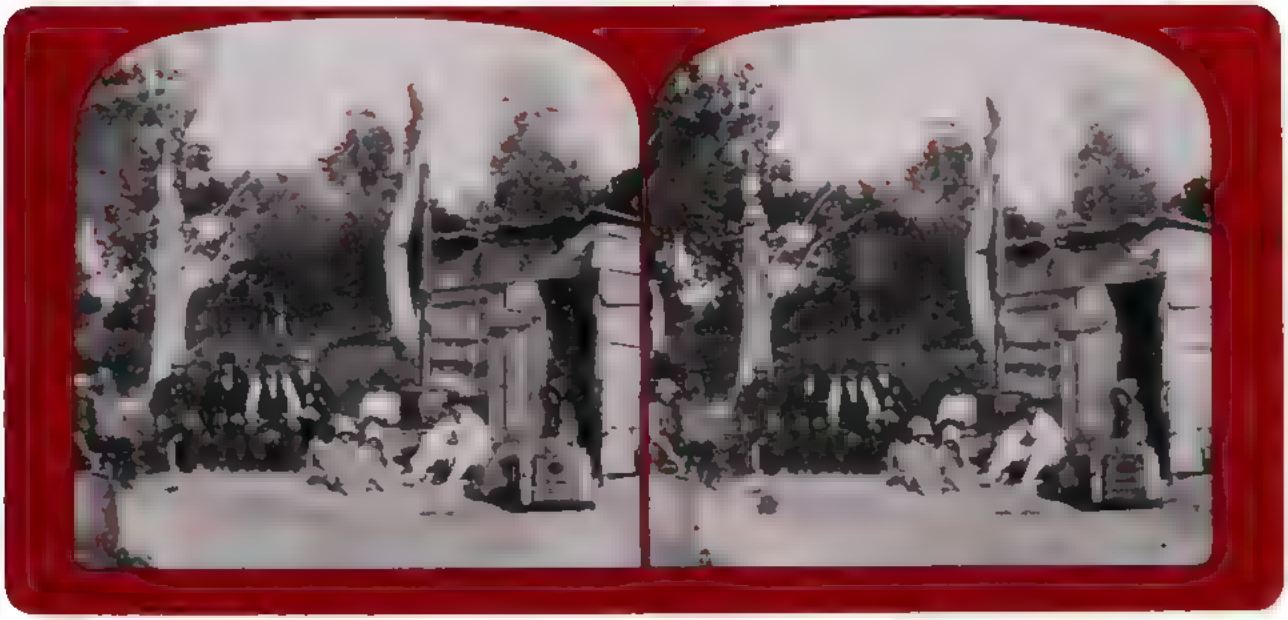
"Ox team at Tonganoxie on Branch Road"

"Fifth Street, Leavenworth, Kansas" (Gardner's mobile gallery in foreground)



"Ferry across the Kaw at Lecompton, Kansas"





"Hotel (??) de Dutton near State Line, Kansas"

"Potawatomie Indians at St. Mary's Mission, Kansas"

"U. S. Express Overland Stage starting for Denver from Hays City, Kansas"

where the offices of the Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division, were located. It was from there that the road to Denver was begun in 1863. Slowed down by the war, it had picked up its construction pace by 1867; and the end of track, when Gardner reached it, was several miles west of Hays in west-central Kansas. The main line of the road, known as the Kansas Pacific from 1869 until 1880 when it became a part of the present Union Pacific system, served several of the more important towns of the young state. A branch had been built north from Lawrence to Leavenworth, then one of the most important cities on the Missouri River, and Gardner did not ignore the branch line. Some of his best pictures were made on the side trip.

Robert Taft in "A Photographic History of Early Kansas," *Kansas Historical Quarterly*, pointed out that Gardner, the easterner, must have been much impressed with the sweep of the Kansas prairies, for he took so many shots of wide open spaces. Gardner began this practice with views of the Wakarusa Valley from the top of Lawrence's Mount Oread, which had been selected as the site of the University of Kansas. Some of those views are valueless except for their scenic qualities, but the pictures of towns and activities are another matter. Gardner was in Ellsworth when it was only three months old and in Hays less than six months after it was platted. He photographed Joseph G. McCoy's stockyards in Abilene not long after McCoy had decided on the village as a cattle shipping point. Eastern Kansas communities, although they had been in existence for more than a decade were still only budding cities on the trans-Missouri frontier.

Gardner did not confine his 1867 efforts to the Union Pacific, and fortunately so, for he would have missed many of the pictures that make his work so valuable. Bridge building, ferry operations, mission Indians, strange rock formations, military posts, and prairie-dogs all were recorded by his camera with its wet glass plates and long exposures.

The Kansas photographs were produced in several sizes and forms. Gardner apparently made 6 x 8, 8 x 10, and 11 x 14 inch plates in addition to the set of stereographs entitled "Across the Continent on the Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division." There is no known complete set of the more than one hundred fifty different stereographs taken between St. Louis and the end of track, but the Kansas State Historical Society's collection contains most of them.

Other sets of pictures prepared by Gardner are in the possession of the Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis, and the Boston Public Library. These are 6 x 8 inch prints, and in the title line, "Kansas Pacific Railroad" was substituted for "Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division." There are only about forty Kansas scenes included, many of which carry almost the same identification as the stereographs. The St. Louis and Boston holdings include southwestern and far western pictures of Indian pueblos, engineers' camps, scenic views in the Sierra Nevada, and conclude with Seal Rocks at San Francisco. Mileage, as indicated on the larger prints, was calculated from the Missouri River instead of from St. Louis, the starting point on the stereographs.

Perhaps more of these western photographs will come to light, enough at least to fill the gaps in the known collections. For the present, historians can be reasonably content with those available.

After his western tour Gardner returned to Washington where he died in 1882. Wealth escaped him as did fame except for occasional recognition after his death. Gardner was more than a mere photographer. He was a storyteller — an artist with a camera — and a significant contributor to the pictorial history of the United States. He deserves a position in the front rank of American cameramen.

The relatively small amount of information about Alexander Gardner and his Civil War photography is summed up in E. F. Bleiler's Introduction to the Dover edition of Gardner's *Photographic Sketch Book of the Civil War* (New York, 1959); while scattered, incomplete, and often incorrect references to Gardner may be found in publications such as James Horan's work on Brady, *Historian with a Camera* (New York, 1955). Robert Taft's studies of Gardner in the West resulted in only two brief articles in the *Kansas Historical Quarterly* (February 1934 and May 1937). Other information on the photographs themselves has come to the author through correspondence with the Missouri Historical Society and the Boston Public Library.

"View looking across Turnpike Bridge at Lawrence, Kansas"

"Poyntz Avenue, Manhattan, Kansas"

"Fort Harker, Kansas"

CALIFORNIA'S BIG TREES....

. . . the Giant Sequoias of the Sierra Nevada have intrigued the world for over a century

In the summer of 1848 three prospectors worked their way up the Stanislaus River in California trying their luck, with notable success. One, George Angel, founded Angel's Camp, a name familiar to readers of Bret Harte. Another, James Carson, pioneered the rich gold discoveries at Melones and Carson Hill. The third, John Murphy, set up camp at the flat soon to be known as Murphy's Camp, later just plain Murphys. There he struck it rich and, as the news spread, throngs of eager miners hastened to the feast. Water was needed in greater quantity than the local stream afforded, so it became necessary to import water from the Stanislaus fifteen miles away. Ditches were not enough; flumes and trestles had to be built, and that required lumber; lumber required sawmills. Soon there was a hum of activity in the woods above Murphys. To feed the construction workers as well as the miners, hunters were employed to get fresh meat, and presently they found themselves going farther and farther away in search of it.

One day in the spring of 1852, one of the hunters, A. T. Dowd, had an extraordinary experience. He had wounded a bear, and in following it found himself in the presence of a tree, a tree larger than he had ever seen before. As he looked about he observed others equally large. He could hardly believe his eyes. Upon his return to camp he related what he had seen, but in spite of repeated affirmations he was ridiculed. Seeing that he could not convince his companions with words, he resorted to a ruse. On a Sunday a few days later when the men were loafing, he hurried into camp pretending that he had killed the largest grizzly bear that he had ever seen in his life. He persuaded the whole camp to follow him and help bring in the bear. Dowd led the party over ridges and through brush until at last they came to his tree. Pointing to the immense trunk and lofty top, he called in glee, "Now do you believe my big tree story? This is the big grizzly bear I wanted you to see. Do you still think it's a yarn?"

The immensity of the trees was recognized at once, and the news of the discovery of a modern wonder of the world promptly spread. In the words of James M. Hutchings, author of *Scenes of Wonder and Curiosity in California* (1860):

> But a short time was allowed to elapse after the discovery of this remarkable grove, before the trumpet-tongued press proclaimed the wonder to all sections of the State, and to all parts of the world, and the lovers of the marvelous began first to doubt, then to believe, and afterwards to flock to see with their own eyes the objects of which they had heard so much.

For a while it was supposed that Dowd had been the first man to see the Big Trees. At that time, however, Zenas Leonard's account of the Walker expedition of 1833 was unknown. In an obscure book, published in 1839, Leonard stated, "We have found some trees of the Red-wood species, incredibly large—some of which would measure from 16 to 18 fathoms round the trunk at the height of a man's head from the ground." It was undoubtedly the Merced or the Tuolumne Grove, or both, that he saw. No one could have invented that description, and it was published long before anyone else claimed to have seen the Big Trees of the Sierra Nevada.

Soon after Dowd's discovery of the Calaveras Grove in 1852, an inscription was found on one of the trees, "J. M. Wooster, June 1850." When this discovery was made known it was proposed to give credit to Wooster, but when he heard of it Wooster wrote to a local newspaper, *The San Andreas Independent:* "Happy as I should be to claim the honor of the first discovery, justice to others and the truth would prevent my doing so." He followed with an account of a certain Whitehead who had come across these trees about twelve days before he did. It matters little, however, who was the first; the important thing is that it was Dowd's discovery that brought the Big Trees of California to the attention of the world.

The immediate result was exploitation; men saw a chance to make money. Promptly a preemption claim on Dowd's discovery site was filed by a certain William W. Lapham, who built a cabin there and for several years entertained visitors to the Big Trees. He sold out to James W. Sperry who built in 1856 a substantial hotel that continued to accommodate tourists from all parts of the country and abroad until destroyed by fire in 1943.

(Previous spread) Section of the Sentinels in Calaveras Grove. (Right) "The Mother of the Forest" being barked for exhibition.

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But accommodations for tourists were the least part of the exploitation. A project was proposed to cut down one of the largest trees, remove the bark and send it to the eastern cities for exhibition. Captain Hanford, head of the Union Water Company which had built the flume to Murphys, undertook the enterprise. But to cut down one of these huge trees proved to be no ordinary task. Axes and saws would not suffice. Hanford finally resorted to drilling with pump-augers through to the center from opposite sides followed by sawing through the middle It took five men twenty-two days to accomplish the task. Wedges were required to finish the work until at last the great tree fell with a crash that was heard for miles around. The bark was stripped off the fallen log for a length of fifty feet and carefully marked in sections so that it could be assembled in its original form. It was then hauled to Stockton and shipped by boat to San Francisco where it was exhibited before being sent around the Horn to New York. There Hanford's venture ran into difficulties. The bark arrived just in time to be a rival to Barnum's Crystal Palace, and Barnum would have none of it. For a while it was set up at the Racket Court on Broadway, but the show failed and not long afterwards the bark was destroyed by fire. (A recent book by Norman Taylor, *The Ageless Relicts,* discusses the exhibits at length, along with many other details of the exploitation.)

Another enterprise was soon under way back in the Calaveras Grove. In the summer of 1854 a new entrepreneur, George L. Trask, erected a scaffold around a tree known as *The Mother of the Forest* and had the bark removed to a height of 116 feet. Trask's exhibit took the same course as Hanford's but reached New York at a more propitious time. The Crystal Palace venture was on the brink of failure, and the Big Tree came to the rescue. Early in 1855 the New York papers advertised, "The Tree Mastodon: a mountain of wood—a single tree taller by a hundred feet than the Bunker Hill monument. Great attraction at the Crystal Palace." Another advertisement declared, "The big-tree exhibited in this city several months ago was almost a pigmy compared with

this mastodon." As an exhibitor and as a despoiler, Hanford was outclassed by Trask. The latter's victim, "though naked and miserable," remained alive for many years. In 1878 the far-traveled Scottish lady, Constance Frederica Gordon Cumming, wrote of the debarked tree, "I can see her from where I now sit—a ghastly object—her sides still transfixed with wooden implements of torture,—the St. Sebastian of the forest." Nevertheless, the exhibit continued triumphantly on its way. In 1857 it went to London and was housed at full height in London's Crystal Palace, admired by gaping throngs until a fire put an end to it in 1866.

While Hanford and Trask were bringing the Big Trees to the world, the world was beginning to come to the Big Trees. As if the trees themselves were not sufficient, "attractions" were devised to supplement them. The stump of a tree that had been felled was smoothed off, and a pavilion was erected upon it. Thirty-two persons were said to have danced a cotillion on the stump—with modern dancing techniques the number could easily have been doubled. Theatricals were performed within the pavilion, and for a short time in 1858 a newspaper was printed there. Nearby, on the flattened surface of the the trunk, a bowling alley was laid out "for eighty-one feet, affording space for two alley-beds, side by side."

A popular pastime for visitors seems to have been to give names to the individual trees. At one time a name could be purchased, complete with carved marble slab to be attached to the tree. Some of the names were fanciful—*The Three Graces, Pride of the Forest, Fallen Hercules.* Others were patriotic, political, or literary—*Washington, Webster, Clay, Longfellow, Bryant.* There was a spate of state names—*Old Dominion, Bay State, Kentucky.* Many were trivial, personal, soon forgotten. Among these—perhaps not to be forgotten after all—were *Ada* and *Mary*, "named for the first two ladies who ever came here in a buggy. The former is fifty-nine, the latter sixty-one feet in circumference, straight, solid, handsome." *The Horseback Ride* came to a sad end in 1863. Professor William H. Brewer wrote of it in his journal *(Up and Down California in 1860-64)*, "One prostrate tree was hollow: it had burned out and the cavity was large enough for a man to ride through eighty feet on horseback. Only three days before I arrived it split in pieces and caved in. No one will ride through it again."

Far more important than the names of individual trees is the name of the species itself. Hardly had news of the discovery reached the world than botanists began to argue about its classification. Albert Kellogg and Herman Behr, of the California Academy of Natural Sciences, considered that it belonged to one of the many species of cypress and juniper and gave it the name *Taxodium giganteum.* When the discovery was first announced in Europe in July 1853, the tree was called simply a giant cedar. Later that year some specimens of branches and cones reached England, sent by William Lobb, a collector for a London nursery. They came into the hands of Professor John Lindley, regarded as the foremost botanist in Britain. He announced a new genus and bestowed upon it a name in the following grandiloquent terms:

> We think that no one will differ from us in feeling that the most appropriate name to be proposed for the most gigantic tree which has been revealed to us by modern discovery is that of the greatest of modern heroes. Wellington stands as high

Fanciful names were sometimes given to individual trees. This is "Grizzly Giant,"—diameter 33 ft.—in the Mariposa Grove.

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above his contemporaries as the California tree above all the surrounding foresters. Let it then bear henceforeward the name of WELLINGTONIA GIGANTEA.

Several months later the French reopened the case. At a meeting of the Société Botanique de France in June 1854, Joseph Decaisne presented specimens of the Big Tree received from the French consul in San Francisco. Decaisne pointed out certain similarities to the well-known Coast Redwood *(Sequoia sempervirens),* disputed Lindley's claim for a separate genus, and gave the name *Sequoia gigantea.* The fight was on. The French, although too polite to say so, doubtless took satisfaction in pushing the duke off his arboreal pedestal. The British, however, stood firm for *Wellingtonia.* Americans tried rather unsuccessfully to substitute *Washingtonia.* Many variations were proposed: thus we find in manuals of good repute such combinations as *Sequoia Wellingtonia* and *Sequoia Washingtoniana.* Professional botanists have their own rules, although sometimes they seem to have difficulty in applying them. To set matters straight, in 1939 J. T. Bucholz declared they were all wrong and that the name should be *Sequoiadendron giganteum.* In a questionnaire sent to California botanists in 1943, out of twenty-nine replies, twenty-four stated that they would continue to use *Sequoia gigantea,* while only three were inclined to adopt *Sequoiadendron.* There may have been converts or apostates since then. A new complication arose in 1945 when *Metasequoia glyptostroboides,* sometimes called Dawn Redwood, was discovered in China.

There is another aspect to the problem. What are we to call the trees in common parlance? For a time Big Tree, Mammoth Tree, Mastodon, and Vegetable Monster seemed to prevail. But when it became better known that the Big Trees of the Sierra were related to the Redwoods of the Coast there was trouble. The latter were also known as Big Trees; the former were also known as Redwoods. Professor Emanuel Fritz, an eminent authority, prefers to distinguish them as Sierra Redwood and Coast Redwood. Perhaps time alone will provide the answer. For the present the unlearned will probably continue to use the names prevalent in the several localities: on the Coast, the Redwood, or occasionally, Big Tree; in the Sierra, Big Tree, Giant Sequoia, or just plain Sequoia.

Although the Calaveras Grove, from which came the type-specimens, was for a long time the most famous grove of Big Trees, it soon became known that there were others, extending from the Middle Fork of the American River on the north to the Tule River on the south. None, however, were ever found in their natural state elsewhere than in the Sierra Nevada. After a while the Mariposa Grove on the southern approach to Yosemite came to rival the Calaveras as a tourist attraction, especially when someone conceived the idea of cutting a tunnel through a standing, living tree, large enough for a stagecoach to drive through. The tunnel is still there, and self-conscious tourists still have their pictures taken, now in automobiles. Finest of all the groves is the one John Muir named "The Giant Forest," heart of the present Sequoia National Park. It is comforting to know that today, after many years of effort, practically all of these Big Trees are in public ownership, preserved for as long as the trees may stand, which is likely to be a very long time indeed.

Individuals of the *Sequoia gigantea* species now grow

Tourists still have their pictures taken, now in automobiles. "Wawona in winter"—diameter 28 ft.—in Mariposa Grove.

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all over the world, but they are all from California seeds or seedlings. No sooner had the new genus or species been announced in Great Britain than its phenomenal character aroused the interest of the proprietors of lordly estates. Nurseries were besieged with inquiries, and traffic in Sequoia (pardon me, Wellingtonia) seeds grew apace. Hundreds of trees were soon sprouting in all parts of the country. At Stratfield Saye, residence of the Great Duke, a tree was ceremoniously planted in 1857 by the widowed duchess. Today it is magnificently massive and tall. There is an avenue nearby lined with thirty-five trees on each side, and not far away at Finchampstead there is one with 110 on each side. In Dorset especially there are many fine specimens. In fact, they are everywhere, including Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; and the fad even spread to the Continent. At first the Sequoia was merely another ornamental companion to other exotic trees such as the Cedar of Lebanon. Today, a century after their introduction, they have grown to overtop all other trees, and one is suddenly aware of new points on the European horizon. Driving along the shore of Lac Léman from Geneva to Montreux one may count more than a hundred Sequoias, easily distinguished by their height and pointed tops. There is a handsome Sequoia in front of the Bar-au-lac Hotel in Zurich (a plaque dates it from 1842, which is at least ten years too early). Germany has hundreds of them. There are two notable Sequoias in the French hill-town of Vézelay and many others scattered throughout France. In Spain there is one down by the Genil River, visible from the Alhambra, and two beauties in the garden of El Palacio at Granja. And, lo and behold, there is one in Zagreb, Yugoslavia. Not only in Europe, but in far away New Zealand the Sequoia has become a stately fixture in the landscape. The Sierra Nevada of California has shared its beauty with all the world.

In addition to the references cited in the text, the most important source of information about the *Sequoia gigantea* is Willis Linn Jepson, *The Silva of California* (Berkeley, 1910). Data about the New York and London exhibits comes from two rare pamphlets which are described in detail in Mr. Farquhar's *Selective Bibliography* (1948). Names given to the trees are listed in J. D. Whitney, *The Yosemite Guide-Book* (1869) and in the Department of Agriculture's *Report on the Big Trees of California* (1900). For the name of the tree itself, see Erwin G. Gudde, "The Two Sequoias," in *Names* (Journal of the American Name Society, June, 1953). Information about the trees planted abroad comes largely from personal observation of the author. The present article constitutes a chapter in a forthcoming book, *History of the Sierra Nevada*, Univ. of Cal. Press.

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The Sanctificationists of Belton

A woman's community in Texas

BY ELEANOR JAMES

That Texas is a Man's Country, every reader of the Western knows; to doubt it would be heresy short only of doubting that it is God's country! Certainty of this two-fisted, gun-toting male supremacy increases in a ratio of geographical distance from the region, and it dwindles almost to the vanishing point for persons growing up in the state that elected the first woman governor, that has both the oldest college for women west of the Mississippi and the largest all-woman university in the nation, and that saw the origin some ninety years ago of a woman's communistic enterprise which flourished for forty years and perished only when its founder and the last of the founding sisters died. This is the story of the Sanctificationist Sisters of Belton, Texas, and of Martha McWhirter, their founder and ramrod.

Very little factual information concerning this strange group has been written for the record, for over the years newspaper reporters have had little local cooperation from the townsfolk. There are too many prominent families in Belton who still do not find it amusing that a grandmother or great aunt "went off with the Sancties." Families were split by divorce and property suits, and the old wounds have left sensitive scars. Apparently believing that the least said is soonest mended, the local newspaper, *The Belton Journal and Bell County Democrat*, covered the affairs of the sisterhood only gingerly and sparingly at the time; and even those reports largely perished in a fire which destroyed the newspaper office and its files.

But there were and are legends, and through the decades naturally there has been talk about the Sancties and time for several legends to grow. Legends need a place to which to be attached, and that place still stands. The Sanctificationist headquarters, the old McWhirter

residence of native limestone, sprawls in three levels down Nolan Creek bank, and the curious may still see the bullet hole in the door, the relic of the night a posse of outraged husbands came to take their wives away. It is said the shot was only calculated to scare the women, as it likely did. But, having stood up to the withering scorn of the rest of the town, to previous threats of husbands and fathers, and to the heartbreak of severing family ties, a wildly aimed bullet that entered near the door hinge, hit the cornice in the hall and ricocheted, was not likely to break up the band. And it did not.

Fortunately, in the absence of other formal written records, Mrs. McWhirter and her followers had an eminent historian in the person of Professor George P. Garrison, at that time head of the department of history at the University of Texas. Dr. Garrison had been interested in other Texas communal settlements such as Bettina, founded by Germans, and the even more unfortunate French Icarian group of La Reunion, in northern Texas. The successful experiment in communal living by the women of Belton aroused his curiosity. For two weeks in the summer of 1892, he visited with the sisters, staying at their efficiently run yellow brick Central Hotel, the order's main project and for years their most lucrative venture. That his sojourn with the sisterhood was comfortable as well as otherwise rewarding can be gathered from his praise of the clean beds and of the good food. It is no hurried impression based upon a single interview or hearsay that Dr. Garrison gave of the order and its founder in "A Woman's Community in Texas," which he published in *The Charities Review of New York*, III (November 1893).

In the early life of Martha McWhirter there appears nothing remarkable. She was born Martha White, in Jackson County, Tennessee, in 1829. She joined the Methodist church at sixteen and for the next twenty-five years was zealous in church work. In 1845 she married George M. McWhirter and ten years later came with him to Bell County, Texas. Of their twelve children, half lived to maturity. As she recounted her experiences to Dr. Garrison, it was after the death of a brother and of two of her children in 1866 that she became convinced that God was chastising her and calling her to take thought of her life and of the evils around her. On her way home from a church service one evening toward the end of a hot and mercilessly dry August, a Voice asked her to question herself and see if the events of the meeting did not seem the work of the devil. She says that all night long she struggled and prayed against the suggestion. In her kitchen at her dishpan on the following morning, she received what she could only describe as a pentecostal baptism, through which it became clear to her that the Voice had been God's. Henceforth she professed sanctification.

COURTESY ORA OSTERHOUT WADE

The old limestone McWhirter house which became the Sanctificationist headquarters. The people on the porches are the "Sanctified Band" of which Martha McWhirter was organizer and leader. Memory recalls her as "plain, stocky four-square."

It is virtually impossible to determine whether the views Mrs. McWhirter held corresponded to any of the current Methodist views on sanctification. Dr. Garrison's interests were primarily economic, not religious, when he interviewed the lady in 1892, and it would seem that by then the religious earnestness of the early house prayer meetings of the order had cooled, or at least that economic and organizational problems had channeled her energies. She was a prophetess who left no line of written theory for her followers. Knowledge of Mrs. McWhirter's beliefs stems from court reporter's notes of testimony in the various trials in which she was called upon to testify.

On the question of sanctification, speaking in the divorce proceedings of her daughter Ada and B. W. Haymon, she said, "The doctrines that are taught in the Sanctificationist Band are the same as those taught by John Wesley on the subject of perfection. I have read all the works of Wesley and am familiar with his teachings on this subject." It becomes clear that, in her view, she had received the second blessing mentioned by Wesley, and that she considered herself sanctified and set apart for a specified purpose.

It is said that her sanctification was a thorn in the flesh of several pastors as well as husbands. Her custom of holding weekly afternoon prayer meetings from house to house among the women of the town aroused antagonism, for the central theme of their prayers was for patience to bear with their husbands whose niggardliness regarding household and pocket money kept women always beholden for every small necessity.

When some husbands objected to the prayer meetings in their homes, the ladies met in the Union Sunday School hall. Up until 1866 there had been a Union Sunday School in Belton, with Mr. McWhirter as super-

intendent. But in the eventful year of her sanctification, the Methodists withdrew, built a separate church building, and set up their Methodist Sunday School. Many people of various denominations stayed with the McWhirters.

Mrs. McWhirter transferred her prayer meetings to the new Methodist church house, or did until the afternoon it was locked against her group. They then went back to the Union meeting house, and as one denomination after another built its own church, the old building came to be looked upon as the sisters' special place.

In the group of women who centered around Mrs. McWhirter, there were perhaps more Methodists, but five Baptists, two Presbyterians, and a Christian Campbellite were also affiliated. Most of them were married women from good families, well-to-do in terms of the time and place. The point of their highly respected positions in the town is significant, for if they and their husbands had been from the fringes of the town, the scars might have faded sooner. A profession of sanctification was the claim of each sister; they prayed fervently for a sign of this "second blessing."

Mrs. McWhirter and her ladies could have believed what they chose for all the town would have cared, had they not rebelled against, and separated from, the unsanctified. Injunctions through dreams and a literal acceptance of one of the teachings of St. Paul led to the separations which the town could not tolerate. Excerpts from the court reporter's notebook in a certain sanity hearing at which Mrs. McWhirter testified are reported in the Belton *Journal* for February 26, 1880:

> ...We assemble ourselves together in Christ's name, and belong to the church of God. I was a member of the Methodist church for twenty-five years. The Lord came and sanctified me twelve years ago. God makes His revelations to me by His spirit direct. God never reveals to his people that they should turn back to their old modes of life, and therefore there is no possibility of my being directed to go back into the Methodist church and live as I did when I was a member of that body. There is but one Spirit in the world. This Spirit makes us new creatures. I know that what we teach is right. We are perfect. There is no adding anything new to what we have.
>
> As to sacrificing husband and children, God never gives any such instructions. We have a foundation for everything we do in the Bible. Touching the question as to whether a sanctified wife should live with an unsanctified husband or not, I will read from First Corinthians, Seventh Chapter, beginning at the twelfth verse where St. Paul says:
>
> *12. But to the rest speak I, not the Lord: If any brother hath a wife that believeth not, and she be pleased to dwell with him, let him not put her away.*
> *13. And the woman which hath a husband that believeth not, and if he be pleased to dwell with her, let her not leave him.*
> *14. For the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife, and the unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband; else were your children unclean. But now they are holy.*
> *15. But if the unbelieving depart, let him depart. A brother or a sister is not under bond in such cases But God has called us to peace.*

Mrs. McWhirter's explication of St. Paul took the form of a guarded account of how she and the sisters applied it in the governance of their own lives. Her testimony proceeds:

> When a husband once leaves a wife she is free, and he must come back sanctified or not at all. The woman has no right ever to marry again. If the law of God conflicts with the common law, the former is to prevail. I believe in dreams as I do in existence. They come while we are asleep. Some dreams I pay no attention to. How they come cannot be explained, being the workings of the spirit. I have advised wives to live with their husbands when they could, but there is no sense in obeying a drunken husband. If a husband should go to a wife and ask her for his sake, for the sake of her children and the peace of society to surrender her belief in sanctification as we teach it, I should say for her to do no such thing. For wouldn't that be giving up all our religion?

It is observable that, though there was little enough of that peace St. Paul had called them to, the women did apparently try to get along peaceably with their unsanctified families and to keep their homes together, even when departure from their husbands' beds meant technical separation. The little Haymon girl, Mrs. McWhirter's granddaughter, was closely questioned in the divorce trial of her father and mother regarding which parent had moved out of the room formerly shared, in an effort to establish which spouse had deserted the other. Sometimes forbearance lasted even until death took one or the other.

But sometimes a breach could not be avoided. The strength of Mrs. McWhirter's hold over the women and their courage in living in the enforced celibacy of their Sanctificationist teachings can be seen in the women's daring to leave home. In their class, few had any education that would prepare them to be self-supporting. By law they had no property apart from their husbands and no security if they left their homes. Desperation arising from abuse by her outraged husband made the first sister

homeless. Room was found for her in the McWhirter house, already filled with family. She was employed at eight dollars a month to help with housework at the McWhirters. To the next needy sister a room was "rented" at the McWhirters, but no money changed hands.

Soon communal quarters had to be found under another roof, as sisters and their young children came to live together. Occasionally a sister, having outlived her husband, inherited the homestead, or a woman, having some settlement made upon her by her relatives, brought their property to the sisterhood to be used for their common need. In this way may have begun the Sanctificationist commonwealth.

The start of their communal tendencies may be seen even earlier, however, in the prayer meetings of the early years. The topic prayed over and discussed, besides the drunkenness of husbands, was their need of money. Their lives lacked the dignity of independence a little money could give. Their collective decision to sell what could be spared of their buttter and milk and eggs and to keep the money for themselves came from Martha McWhirter's suggestion. In her view, these items were theirs by rights. She led by selling milk from their five Jerseys and putting the money aside in a special purse. A heroic start for their common fund was the twenty dollars presented by an unmarried sister, a teacher, who had saved this much. Mrs. McWhirter told Dr. Garrison that by 1879 all were able to manage without accepting spending money from their unsanctified husbands. What they could spare went to the common purse. That this nest egg grew by about fifteen dollars a week testifies to the amount of good sanctified butter and eggs and milk sold, for with eggs selling at five to ten cents a dozen, dollars accumulated slowly.

More lucrative, but also more humiliating or degrading in the view of their contemporaries, was the business of taking in washing. Mrs. McWhirter recalled that it was in 1882 that a sister haltingly suggested the laundry project when she reported that a certain family had been dissatisfied with the quality of washing and ironing the local Negroes did. The first washing was done on the McWhirter premises. The sisters did the work together, later rotating from house to house. One of the ugliest public incidents took place at the house of one prominent husband who came home to find the Sancty wash crew at work. He struck his wife, cutting a deep gash in her head; other women struck back. In the end four women were each assessed twenty-dollar fines, which were paid by the common purse.

One of Martha McWhirter's deepest convictions for the community beginning to take shape under her command was that everyone must work. The aim was not just the money for the common fund, important as that was; it was good to humble oneself for one's faith, the sisters agreed. This writer's grandmother used to say that for her the hardest sight to bear was the procession of wagons heaped with firewood driven by her former neighbors, who with their own hands had cut wood from the cedar brakes and were peddling it in the town.

Not all the women could stand up to hard manual labor. A tubercular sister (the teacher mentioned before) continued to hold a separate school to teach the Sancty children who came along with their mothers. Others, famous for their cakes and preserves in former days, would hire out as domestics, for a dollar a day to add to the treasury kept by Mrs. McWhirter. She told Dr. Garrison that often there were tears when the call for a cook would come. But domestic help of a very high order they were; they were trained to say little, to do the work for which they were paid, and make no answer to curious questions put to them about their beliefs.

Nursing was another enterprise that enriched community coffers. Mrs. McWhirter said they had slept and prayed over the first requests they received to act as practical nurses. They felt it might be unwise, especially for the younger unmarried members, to live so much among people outside their group and beliefs. But calls came when babies were due or during winters and springs of epidemics. One elderly friend chuckled in recalling the dourness of a certain Sister Pratt who once nursed her aged and senile grandmother, but who took her departure in a huff when the family wished her to prepare and serve warm toddies to the aged patient.

Back of one contribution of ninety dollars to their fund lies one of the most pathetic chapters in the Sanctificationist annals. It is the story of a Sister Johnson whose brother had her tried for lunacy because she had refused to take the sum of $2000 in insurance benefits which came to her from the Knights of Honor Lodge on the death of her husband on the grounds that she could not receive a bequest from her estranged and unsanctified mate. She was judged insane by a Bell County jury and sent to the insane asylum in Austin where she remained for several years. Mrs. McWhirter indignantly told her story in a court testimony:

We tried every way to get in communication with her but we could not do so. Finally Mrs. Nelson, who was also one of our sister members, had a dream in which she was told to go to Governor Ireland and lay the case before him; after which we held a consultation and determined to act upon the revelation of Mrs. Nelson and did so. I wrote Governor Ireland about our sister who was confined in the asylum laying her case before him, and the result was that she was released and permitted to return home.

The ninety dollars she brought with her for the communal fund was the pay Sister Johnson had received for her services as a seamstress while she was held in the asylum. It can be added that the brother who had her committed had felt no scruples in appropriating the two-thousand-dollar bequest.

Insanity is a label which society is usually quick to attach to religious nonconformists. Twice its charge was leveled at members of the Sanctificationists in Belton. The case of Sister Johnson's unworldliness is simple compared to the Dow case.

Matthew Dow, aged about forty, and his younger brother David had come from Scotland in 1879, bought a dwelling in Belton, and begun industriously to practice their building trade as carpenters and stone masons. In Scotland they had been affiliated with a sect with the name of Sanctificationists, and in Belton applied for membership and were accepted, being the first adult male members. Joining the Sanctificationists was the men's only offense, but it was enough. All the smoldering indignation and bitterness felt by the men of the town found in the Dows something upon which to vent itself. However rebellious they had felt against the sanctified women, they were, after all, ladies, and the blood kin of some of the leading citizens of the town. All the belligerence they had harbored now erupted violently. On the night of Friday, February 13, 1880, a mob closed on the Dow house, took the men out on the Waco road, beat them, and threatened to finish the job if either man was found again in the town.

In the issue of the Belton *Journal* for the following week, February 19, the editor printed the story of mob action at some length, but under the innocuous or possibly ironic heading, "The Late Unpleasantness." After the manner of the times, Editor Batte editorialized freely and at length, giving a resumé of the town's attitude of "forbearance" to the disruptive goings-on of the sect for years. He indicated that the men, not having seen fit to leave as warned, were to be tried on the grounds of insanity, for their own good and that of the community.

On February 26, 1880, the long story covering the insanity hearings was headed, "The Dows, Their Arraignment and Trial—Exposition of Their Religious Beliefs":

> . . . Maj. Hanna, the first witness, testified that he had visited the elder Dow—Matthew—soon after his midnight experience with the mob, and urged him to quit the county for his own safety, impressing on him his observation with regard to mobs in Texas, that they never stopped until their work was completed. This advice the man treated with as much indifference as he would a whiff of wind, and the impression left on the mind of the witness was that Matthew Dow was insane. He seemed convinced of the fact, the witness said, that he would be cursed by Deity if he left on his own volition. He said his religion was good enough to live by and good enough to die by. (The man here nodded his head vigorously and smiled lavishly indicating thereby his hearty approval of the proposition.)

Other witnesses who told of having "reasoned" with the brothers in the week since the violence bear names recognizable as husbands of Sanctificationists. Next witnesses called were four doctors whose respected names still echo in Belton. The doctors, like all the more judicious element of the town, hoped that the men could be taken for asylum to Austin and restrained until the "unpleasantness" in Belton simmered down.

The report of the trial closes with the statement that after the jury brought in a verdict of insane, the men were taken to Austin in the custody of the sheriff. But before the weekly went to press, it could print this follow-up on the story:

> ...the Dows were conveyed to Austin by the sheriff soon after their trial. The superintendent of the insane asylum said that he would receive them one day and discharge them the next, he not believing them to be fit subjects for his institution. The men agreed not to return to this county to live, if straightway released which was promptly done. It is thought they at last realized the danger of their remaining here and are fully agreed to keep out of our borders as residents. Let us hope this affair has at last come to an end

But that Belton citizens had not heard the last of the case is evident from official correspondence which appeared in the *Journal* between the British consul in Galveston and the secretary of state's office in Austin concerning the outrage committed against the two Scotsmen. The consul doubted that the Dow brothers had violated any laws and requested that the governor protect the persons, lives, and property of the two men.

Perhaps this threat of becoming the scene of an inter-

national incident sobered even the rough element in the town; certainly the Belton people who had regretted the incident and worried about the safety of the two Scots must have been relieved that this was the close of the Dow case. They had learned a final ironic and pathetic circumstance: on the day before the night of violence, a younger brother Allan and the Dows' elderly parents had arrived to make their home in Belton. Both the town and the Dows seemed willing to forget and try again. The men returned, after a brief period of carpentering in Austin, took up their lives and trades in Belton, and made admirable and prosperous citizens. It is clear that, although they did not again affiliate themselves with the Sanctificationists, they kept amicable relations with Mrs. McWhirter and the group, for it was from the Dows that the women bought the laundry machinery for their Central Hotel a few years later.

Martha McWhirter's dream of financial security for herself and the sisterhood was realized in their hotel project. Like everything the sisterhood undertook, the hotel grew out of a necessity and slowly evolved. In the years when the communal headquarters, the McWhirter house, was overflowing with refugees, and when each piece of real estate brought to the order by a sister became an annex, Martha started building on a vacant lot belonging to Major McWhirter. The sisters built the house themselves, with the help of their young sons and with two days' labor by a professional carpenter. It was said that the house was near completion before Mr. McWhirter learned of it. Mrs. McWhirter maintained that she had a moral, if not a legal, right to share in the property; but shortly the major moved out of his home and took up quarters above a store in a building belonging to him on the town square.

At the death in 1883 of the man who had raised the storm over the laundry work on his premises, his widow, Sister Henry, converted her home into a boarding house. It was well located, almost in the center of town, and her good table attracted boarders despite the hostility of the citizenry. As more living space was needed, Mrs. McWhirter would move another of the houses they owned onto the lot and annex it. A ramshackle, unsightly affair it was, too, an elderly informant recalled. (It was from the roof of this first old wooden hotel that the prophetess jumped, according to local legend, proving that she could fly; a recently heard addition to the legend says she was flourishing two turkey-wing feather dusters. Doubtless these were *post facto* attempts to explain the slight limp some remembered; but they sound apocryphal and completely out of character with the most practical and down-to-earth of leaders.)

On another corner of the same J. C. Henry block, work began on the new hotel, the sisterhood living in the old hotel during the erection and using it as their quarters even later when the big yellow brick building was filled. Much planning had preceded the building. Mrs. McWhirter had sent a pair of women to a neighboring railroad town to work as chambermaids in a hotel and to gain ideas about running one. There was need of a good hotel in central Texas, for travel was still slow and distances great. Traveling men, drummers, checked in at regular intervals representing wholesalers and importers from St. Louis, Galveston, and New Orleans. Belton then supported an opera house, a Roman-arched, stain-glass-windowed edifice, where touring companies played. The local Baptist female college brought parents at commencement and school opening. And the county courthouse brought its flotsam at court-session time.

On May 10, 1886, the sisters opened their hotel on Main Street, near the livery stables, the Wells-Fargo Express depot, and the tracks of the railroad which had just recently run a spur into the county seat. The first year of the hotel was hard because Belton people opposed and talked against it. But good beds and good food won, and by 1887 the house was filled most of the time.

It was the report of the smooth-running business enterprise that had first interested Dr. Garrison and had brought him to stay at the Central Hotel in the summer of 1892. He talked with Mrs. McWhirter on the economics of the socialistic venture, and she showed him the books and explained the working of their cooperative. For women who had formerly owned no property and had no training at all in handling finances, they impressed him as remarkable. Until the year before, the interests of the sisterhood had not been incorporated; but in 1891 they had obtained a charter as the Central Hotel Company, with a cash value of fifty thousand dollars, mostly in real estate, and an estimated clear profit of five hundred dollars a month. She told him that various investments had been proposed to them, but that they had their living and were secure, and she felt that they would not know how to manage large amounts of money. Once they had almost lost seven hundred dollars of the common fund through ignorance of the laws governing mortgage and loans on homesteads.

In 1892 the group owned three farms near town. Two

they rented out on shares, the third, within two miles of the hotel, was kept and occupied in shifts by teams of two women and four children. At the farm, rug weaving was done in winter, and in spring and summer it supplied the hotel tables with poultry and fresh garden stuff. All tasks in the hotel were done by Sanctificationists, the staff rotating jobs with military regularity. There was one meat cook, one for bread and pastry, one general kitchen assistant, one young girl to wash glass and silver, two to do the remaining dishes, with several small sons for the odd jobs. One older sister and one young girl kept the thirty-five bedrooms; two waited tables in the dining room for sixty. Six women worked in the laundry two days in the week; other days they had no regular jobs but did whatever came to hand. The staff changed all around every month, the cooks being relieved every two weeks. They calculated an average day's actual work at four hours, but they preferred to stay busy at some profitable task. Garrison commented that there was no evidence of disorganizing forces or dissatisfaction at inequalities. Their aim of complete self-sufficiency and of independence of outside help was almost realized, one older lady managing to mend shoes, and one even having learned dentistry, largely from books but with some instruction from dentists in Belton.

Since the Sanctificationists lived without written rules, much is left to inference. On the manner of admission into the order of the sanctified, the facts seem to be these: from the first days of the prayer meetings, the ladies who were drawn to follow Martha McWhirter must have had the second blessing of sanctification. That they prayed earnestly for some sign of their sanctification, some direct word from God such as Mrs. McWhirter had received, some strong conviction brought in dreams, Judge Tyler, who knew many of them, records in his *History of Bell County*. The women always treated dreams with seriousness, apparently telling their dreams to the group for discussion and examination. Dr. Garrison says the leader spoke of a sort of group sensibility which they believed they had developed. They would *feel* which dreams were wise, which contained leadings for them to follow. For example, when a German music teacher had stayed at the Central Hotel, giving lessons to certain sisters in return for his board, a warning dream discussed by the group and the collective *feeling* that it was wrong, brought the music lessons to an end.

At its largest, in 1880 the group numbered in the fifties, although it was usually nearer thirty. A few from outside Belton had presented themselves for membership, but on the whole the group was from the town, and predominantly from about eleven families. Most were mature women, although in several instances, daughters who came into the group as little girls grew up with it and chose to stay there. Some young ones found husbands despite the reserve the order maintained and left the community at marriage.

There was no reason why men might not belong, Mrs. McWhirter said to Dr. Garrison, if they were willing to accept the discipline. In 1892 among the thirty-two members four were men: two were married men cut off by their faith from their families; two were unmarried young men. There were three small boys; nine widows (husbands dead, divorced, or disappeared); eight unmarried women and girls over sixteen; and eight girls under sixteen (two little girls having been committed by their families to be reared by the Sanctificationists). Of the four men, one was then in New York selling pianos, a community-backed experiment; one was the hotel clerk; one engineer of the laundry; and one carpenter for the community.

Dr. Garrison found interest in the reading habits of this community. He noted that aside from the Bible, they read the works of Tolstoi and Bellamy. Among the periodicals to which they subscribed were *Forum*, *The North American Review*, *Arena*, Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Weekly*, the *Woman's Journal* (Boston), a dental magazine published in New York, and the principal Texas papers. He added that they took the *Flaming Sword*, of Chicago, but did not subscribe to Tweed's doctrines.

One of the educational and broadening experiences which Mrs. McWhirter envisioned was the plan for travel. The whole band had visited New York in the summer of 1880, going in three divisions, each group staying about a month. While one-third were in the city, the remaining two-thirds were carrying on at home. Small groups traveled also to other cities such as San Francisco and Mexico City. It is said that these delegations were not strictly pleasure bent but that the sisters were acting on dream directives in the search for auspicious sites to which the order might remove in the future. Evidently the signs and emanations were not right, for it was to their own nation's capital of Washington that they eventually moved.

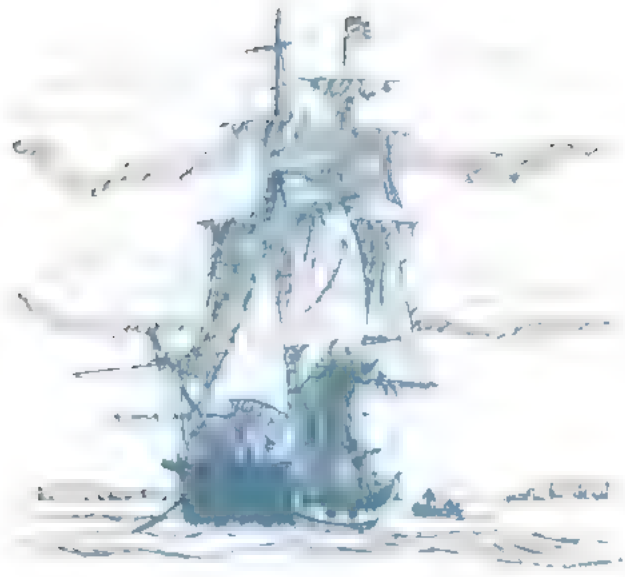
While their hotel in Belton was prospering, the sisters invested part of their earnings in two hotels in Waco which they leased. When the right dream directive to

leave Belton came, all of them must have known it by their collective sensibilities. The cause of their leaving cannot be found in their economy, for both the hotel interests and the town and state were flourishing. Nor was it any fresh outbreak of hostility in the town. In fact, hostility had dwindled perceptibly. The fact that George McWhirter, dying in 1887, named Martha in his will to receive the widow's usual half of the property and named her as executrix, impressed the town. He died in his furnished rooms unvisited by his wife, whose faith he never shared but whose sincerity he respected always. She would do right by his children, the will stated, for she was scrupulously honest. The town grudgingly agreed but kept its conviction that he was a saint.

Always inclined to keep their own counsel, the sisterhood seem to have taken no one into their confidence on the reasons for their move from Belton. Having sold their community properties in Texas for what must have been a fair price, in September 1899 they moved to Washington, D. C. There for $23,000 they bought a large brick house at 1437 Kennesaw Avenue. Bell County historian, George Tyler, long-time friend of most of the women's families, was one of the last Belton citizens to visit the group shortly before the death of Mrs. McWhirter in 1904. He pictured a plain but pleasant existence for all the aging women. No longer did they hold religious services of their own; each sister could attend any church at any time she chose, just as she could attend sessions of Congress or whatever entertainment, including plays, the capital might afford. On the reported $200,000 their thrift and investments had brought them when they left Texas, the sisters were able to feel secure for the remainder of their lives. They no longer took boarders nor sold their products, but they did their own work and liked to keep busy and feel useful. A few young girls were among the members, and a Washington reporter in a dispatch carried in the St. Louis *Globe Democrat* says that an orphaned granddaughter of Mrs. McWhirter, Wilma, was the pet of the community. There were then no men among them, but Mrs. McWhirter still maintained crisply that brethren had always been welcome but that very few had been found who would accept the discipline and live as they lived. She said they continued to have many requests for membership, most of which they could not accept, being from "women who want a home, and we are not a refuge."

Not a refuge? Certainly not that. Even the town from which they withdrew never thought of the community as a refuge or the women as escapists. It had taken courage, leaving husbands however dominating and homes that sheltered even if they restricted. They had faced derision as women without men; they had done hard "nigger" work and taken money for it from former friends and neighbors. Belton people always said it was Mrs. McWhirter's strong hold that held them together. But having said that, there was still the woman to explain. Too close for a good perspective, too bitter to look without prejudice, it took years to see her for what she was: a woman of force and faith and foresight, and a feminist years ahead of her time.

Many of these stories of Martha McWhirter and the Sanctificationists I have heard all my life, for I grew up in Belton where they are still told, can remember the old Central Hotel, and as a child was fascinated by the bullet hole in the Sancty house door. My grandmother, father, and aunts supplied anecdotes and reminiscences. The most valuable published source was Dr. George P. Garrison's article, "A Woman's Community in Texas," published in *The Charities Review of New York* (November 1893). This article and the issues of the Belton *Journal* (October 1877–April 1882) I found in the historical library of the University of Wisconsin and had microfilmed, the local files having been destroyed by fire. George W. Tyler's *History of Bell County* (San Antonio, 1936) supplied the account of the late years of the sisterhood in Washington, D. C. The Houston *Chronicle* supplied from their files the photograph of the sisters, used in 1950 as illustration of a feature story by Aline Rothe in its Sunday magazine supplement. On the Wesleyan doctrine of sanctification, I read in the pamphlet materials in the historical library of the University of Texas, especially J. D. Barbee's *Sanctification* (Nashville, 1897) and J. T. Smith's *Entire Sanctification (Heart Purity) and Regeneration* (Marshall, Texas, 1895). Information on divorces and property suits arising from Sanctificationist activities I took from the records of the County Clerk in Belton, especially File No. 3037 of the District Court of Bell County, and the Opinion of the Supreme Court of Texas in Cause 6706, both relating to the divorce of a daughter of Mrs. McWhirter. But for the first-person narratives and reminiscences, my most delightful and valuable sources were notes of my visits, during college vacations in the summers between 1948 and 1950, with the following elderly ladies of Belton, few of whom are now alive to read this story: Miss Annabelle Burford, Mrs. Elisha Embree, Mrs. Grace Gunari, Mrs. Louine Tyler Henry, Miss Julia Bell James, Mrs. Bessie Phelps, Mrs. Ora Wade, and Mrs. S. S. Walker.



ROBERT WEINSTEIN

Books in Their Sea Chests

Reading along the early California coast

BY DOYCE B. NUNIS, JR.

It is generally accepted that California was named for the legendary Queen Califia, a central figure in García Ordoñez de Montalvo's *Las sergas de Esplandian*, published in Seville in the early part of the sixteenth century. However, as the Spanish explorers and settlers began to inch their way into the geographical confines of the present state, the missal and calendar of saints provided the primary sources of inspiration for the region's topographical names and settlements. This was understandable, for many of the early settlers were illiterate and deference in the matter was given to the missionary fathers—a well-educated group on the whole. What books were brought to early California were mainly religious. And so it was to remain for a number of decades.

Alfred Robinson, an astute observer of the early California scene, noted the strong influence of the church on the native populace:

> Their adherence to the faithful observances of the church, as in all Catholic countries, is truly firm; and the most trifling deviation from its commands is looked upon with abhorrence. . . . The Friar's knowledge of the world, and his superior education, give him a station far above the unenlightened state of the laity. . . . Fortunately, however, for the country, the original founders of Christianity in California were truly pious, excellent men, and their successors, generally, have endeavored to sustain their honorable character.

Another equally intelligent commentator was less kind in his appraisal: "This is a beautiful country, a perfect climate, and every natural advantage; but the people are lazy, ignorant, irreligious, priest ridden, lawless, vicious, and not much more than half civilized." But that judgment would appear harsh, for early California was not intellectually barren nor wholly ignorant.

All of the missions founded in Alta California possessed at least a few books—in some cases enough to call

the collection a library. And equally important, many of the mission fathers brought books in their baggage. Thus it is not surprising that as early as 1770 Mission San Carlos Borromeo had an inventory made of its books, even though few in number. Rightly, the Carmel mission can lay claim to one of California's first libraries.

It is not surprising as well that mission books were restricted to those of religious nature, whether philosophical or theological, with a sprinkling of practical and scientific tomes dealing with such matters as botany, animal husbandry, "do-it-yourself medicine," a slender number concerned with geography, history, and biography, and an infrequent literary classic, copies of *Don Quixote* among them. The practical books also had considerable influence. As an example, Mission Santa Barbara had a Spanish translation of Vitruvius, a Roman writer, which contained a number of architectural plates. One of those plates provided inspiration for the construction of the mission. Mission San Miguel's construction likewise was inspired by a plate from the same volume.

The restricted nature of the mission fathers' books can be appreciated from the perspective of their vocation and duties as well as their frontier needs. A complete inventory of books surviving in the missions, augmented by a perusal of existing mission documents, would provide a better indication of the extent and description of holdings. But such an inventory most likely would confirm existing assumptions and present opinion.

The limited scope of mission books does not necessarily indicate the reading tastes of the padres, however. For example, Father Antonio Jimeno of Mission Santa Barbara had a "bookcase" in his "small but tastefully arranged apartment," although there is no record of what books were on his shelves; and a colleague at Mission San Juan Bautista, Father Felipe Arroyo, "in his eccentric taste," gave his mission Indian children "the names of all the renowned personages of antiquity, and Ciceros, Platos, and Alexanders were to be found in abundance." He was also given to speculations on the structure and functioning of the solar system.

In the matter of books for the laity, however, the mission fathers were ever vigilant. They exercised enormous control over book importations. One *Californio* remarked that the padres "kept guard over all the port and bays of California, like St. Peter at the gates of heaven, to prevent the entrance of books of a liberal tendency." But "as time went on, the more cultured families imported libraries of standard works" even in the face of opposition "generated against the importation of any but religious books sanctioned by the Church." Among the first to acquire a private library was José de la Guerra. But he was cautious—he purchased approved religious books and a few scientific works of minor merit.

In the waning days of Spain's suzerainty, more especially in the first two decades of Mexican administration, Alta California was intellectually enhanced by an influx of British and American settlers. This limited immigration helped to stimulate interest in education among the *rancheros,* for among the arrivals were a number of educated men who brought books in their baggage. Noteworthy among these new residents was William E. P. Hartnell. Through his efforts, supported by several enthusiastic local inhabitants, California's first higher educational institution was founded in January 1834. A *seminario* was opened in Monterey, which was subsequently moved to Hartnell's nearby Alisal Rancho. And the facilities included a library. Many of Mexican California's future important citizens were educated as a result of this pioneer but all too brief enterprise.

Prior to the establishment of Hartnell's school, "what little education the young people obtained, they picked up in the family, learning to read and write among themselves." The wealthier families on occasion sent a son abroad to be educated, like young Juan de la Guerra, who was packed off to England for a number of years. But this was the exception rather than the rule. It was contact, in the main, with the "foreign population" that provided the major impetus for Alta California's interest in books and learning for the laity.

Before Hartnell's *seminario* opened, a number of young *Californios* received private instruction from a variety of persons, both foreign and native. Among them was Juan Bautista Alvarado "who had a thirst for knowledge" and who "was an eager listener." During his early years, he clerked for Nathan Spear in Monterey, a man who "was well read and intelligent." Spear took an active interest in young Alvarado and "was in the habit of imparting to him when in his employ a good deal of information about other countries and governments." Alvarado owed the enrichment of his education to Hartnell and Spear.

Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, another of Hartnell's private pupils, was "naturally fond of study, and appreciated the advantages of education of a higher order, and having great ambition for learning, he . . . continued his studious habits during his whole life." An earlier tutor,

Governor Pablo Vicente Sola, had introduced him, along with Alvarado and José Castro, to world affairs and historical topics, as well as to the reading of Cervantes' *Don Quixote*. Later, Vallejo gathered "books here and there whenever opportunity offered, sometimes from vessels coming to the coast, and if there were any special books he wanted he would send to Mexico, to Spain, to France, to England, to the United States, or to any part of the world to procure them." Having acquired a large fortune in his youth, Vallejo continued to gratify his bookish tastes throughout his life. William Heath Davis recalled in visiting him at his Sonoma ranch, "I would find him in his library surrounded by his books, in which he took the greatest delight and pride. He illustrates in the best manner the oft quoted phrase, 'a gentleman and a scholar.'"

Pablo de la Guerra, Hartnell's brother-in-law and pupil, also "was a man fond of reading." He was "an accomplished scholar" who spoke "his own language in the best manner" and "English fluently and correctly."

Other educated *Californios* included José Antonio Carrillo, a "man of talent . . . , being surpassed only by Alvarado in intellect"; José Castro, "an educated military man," and Manuel Jimeno, "a man of learning and a statesman." Among the newer immigrants, Dr. Nicholas A. Den, a native of Ireland, "was an intelligent, educated and accomplished gentleman," as was Jonathan J. Warner, an American from Connecticut, who "was somewhat a literary man."

An immigrant Scotsman, Hugo Reid, who settled in southern California in 1834, was more than "somewhat a literary man"—he *was* a literary man. On entering partnership with two other fairly well-educated friends, Dr. William Keith and Jacob P. Leese, their store in the pueblo of Los Angeles sometimes purchased old newspapers and magazines from sailors who "were willing to part with [them], for a price" to place on sale to customers —perhaps the first retail "newsstand" in California.

Having married Doña Victoria, an unlettered but beautiful Indian maiden, Reid was determined that his children should be properly tutored. He undertook the task himself for he "was a cultivated and educated man." The children were made to see "the romance, the sesamic quality of education, overlooking the necessary drudgery." Part of their educational experience included forays into the dusty attic of the house. There Reid would show "them piles of books and magazines. He told them that these contained more thrilling adventures than one man could ever experience, and more sublime thoughts. But the children knew that first they must learn the hard words in their textbooks."

When Reid died, his estate's major asset was in his carefully collected library. His widow gave a Bible, a Shakespeare, and "a letter of Byron to his publisher" to a friend. The rest of the collection went to a well-informed lawyer, Joseph Lancaster Brent, who had been of legal service in securing Reid's clouded land titles.

As the maritime traffic along California's coast increased during the era of the hide-and-tallow trade, coupled with the growing number of non-Catholic residents, the mission fathers found themselves confronted with the difficult task of policing the entry of books which had been forbidden the laity by the church. When Captain Henry D. Fitch reached San Francisco Bay in his vessel, the *Leonor*, in 1831, he had on board "several boxes of books, banned, of course, by the California clergy." By secret negotiation, he traded them to young Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo for 400 hides and 10 kegs of tallow.

After the books were safely delivered to his Yerba Buena residence, Vallejo informed his friends, José Castro and Juan Alvarado, of his purchase and shared his good fortune with them—but under a pledge of utmost secrecy. Unfortunately, Castro leaked the news inadvertently to a lady friend who proved indiscreet. When the news became public and reached the ears of the clergy, all three were excommunicated.

Through direct appeal by Alvarado to Father Narciso Durán, and reputedly on the acceptance of a monetary gift, the ban was lifted, but not without restriction. Father Durán stated, "I give you permission to read the prohibited books, even Voltaire, Telemanchus, Rousseau, etc., and even the Protestant Bible, with the sole condition that they shall not be placed in the hands of irresponsible or non-intelligent people." This was a radical departure since the clergy always burned "books of a free-thinking kind which...[were] smuggled in."

Culturally speaking, Mexican California was enriched by the arrival of the Padrés-Híjar colony in 1835. Many of those settlers were educated men, and the company included several lawyers and a schoolteacher—and books undoubtedly were brought in their baggage. Two years prior to the party's arrival, the first printing in California was begun and was to flourish under the imprint of Agustín V. Zamorano. Printing, however, was restricted primarily to governmental decrees and information, and occasional official invitations.

For *Californios* living in or near ports of call, visiting

vessels may have provoked literary interest. Greek mythology was suggested by the arrival of the *Apollo, Diana, Dryad, Griffon, Junius, Mercury, Minerva, Phoenix, Venus*—even the muse, *Clio*. Greek history was represented by the *Achilles, Hector,* and *Telemanchus; Alexander* and *Cyrus*. Spain's New World glory was recalled in the *Isabella, Magellan,* and *Pizarro*. American history was brought to mind in the *Pilgrim, Pocahontas, Washington,* and *General Jackson*. Faraway lands, places, and people were made familiar: *Argentina, India, Asia, Bengal;* the *Andes, Danube, Nile; Plymouth, Baikol, South Carolina;* the *Tartar* and *Arab*. Even one of Spain's great classics, *Don Quixote,* was made familiar when the vessel by that name sailed along the California seacoast.

With the advent of the hide and tallow trade, merchantmen began to appear in greater numbers at Alta California's ports. In most instances these ships sailed out of New England harbors, Boston being the principal homeport. Since many of the voyages lasted three years, boredom both at sea and on shore was a constant companion for the officers and crews of these trading ships. To combat the tedium of life and the monotony of labor involved in gathering hides and tallow to make up a complete cargo for the return voyage, some of the American sailors brought books in their sea chests to brighten the seemingly endless hours.

Richard Henry Dana, sailing on the *Pilgrim,* recalled that not long after his arrival in California, his ship touched at San Pedro for a week in March 1835. While taking on a cargo of hides, Dana wrote: "I spent one more day on the hill, watching a quantity of hides and goods, and this time succeeded in finding a part of a volume of Scott's *Pirate* in a corner of the house; but it failed me at the most interesting moment. . . ."

In a letter a week later, Dana informed his father:

> My Literary Education too I have not entirely neglected. We have plenty of books and I read them whenever I can get an opportunity. I read the books of Joshua, Samuel, and Kings in the Old Testament, Cowper's Correspondence (a present from Dr. Channing), also the principal parts of his poems, Thompson's Seasons, Cobbett's "letters to young men," and also several tales, old and new, and tracts given to some of the crew by Father Taylor. . . .

He also noted that one of the crewmen, John Holtz, a German, lent him "an Almanac, Lutheral Prayer-Book, and a few popular songs" which served "in some measure to keep alive" his knowledge of German.

Dana's desperation for reading materials was graphically described later while at anchor in San Diego harbor:

> . . . I made a descent upon old Schmidt, and borrowed and read all the books there were upon the beach. Such a dearth was there of these latter articles, that anything, even a little child's story-book, or the half of a shipping calendar, seemed a treasure. I actually read a jest-book through, from beginning to end, in one day, as I should a novel, and enjoyed it much. At last, when I thought that there was no more to be had, I found at the bottom of old Schmidt's chest, *Mandeville,* a romance by Godwin, in five volumes. This I had never read, but Godwin's name was enough, and, after the wretched trash I had devoured, anything bearing the name of an intellectual man was a prize indeed. I bore it off, and for two days I was up early and late, reading with all my might, and actually drinking in delight. It is no extravagance to say that I was like a spring in a desert land.
>
> From the sublime to the ridiculous—so, with me, from Mandeville to hide-curing—was but a step. . . .

On another occasion, in March 1836, when the *Pilgrim* was smoked—a process by which vessels were fumigated—the crew confined on board in case of fire (which was one of the dangers in "smoking" a ship), he lamented:

> Unfortunately, our books were where we could not get at them, and we were turning about for something to do, when one man recollected a book he had left in the gallery. He went after it, and it proved to be *Woodstock*. This was a great windfall, and as all could not read it at once, I, being the scholar of the company, was appointed reader. I got a knot of six or eight about me, and no one could have had a more attentive audience. Some laughed at the "scholars," and went over the other side of the forecastle to work and spin their yarns; but I carried the day, and had the cream of the crew for my hearers. . . .

Dana continued to read "nearly all day, until sundown." Then, after supper, the eager band of sailors "got a light from the galley," and Dana "by skipping what was less interesting . . . carried them through to the marriage of Everard, and the restoration of Charles the Second, before eight o'clock."

Dana, of course, cannot be considered a "typical" hide-and-tallow sailor. But it is noteworthy that he was able to find reading material of the quality in the sea chests of his ship and shore mates and that there were ordinary sailors who read and appreciated books.

Shortly after Dana left California for Boston, twenty-year-old Faxon Dean Atherton, another New Englander, landed at Monterey. Employed by Alpheus B. Thompson, Atherton spent the years 1836-38 working in and along the coast of California. Like Dana, Atherton kept a record of his travels in his constant companion, his diary. When only sixteen, he had enrolled as a member

of the Boston Mercantile Library Association. This love of books became an enduring passion.

While at anchor in Santa Barbara, July 4, 1837, on one of his many trips as Thompson's clerk, Atherton jotted down in his diary: "After reading a po[r]tion of Miriam Coffin (with which I was greatly disappointed) turned in and waked up next morning fresh and hearty." On another occasion, when in a melancholy mood, he inscribed a verse from Percy Bysshe Shelley's "The Wants of Man":

Man, who m[illegible]ould be
Must rule the empir[illegible]f himself: in it
Must be supreme, establishing his throne
On vanquished will, quelling the anarch
Of hopes and fear, being himself alone

Returning to the Pacific after a brief visit to his home in Dedham, Massachusetts, Atherton filled the listless hours of shipboard life studying a Spanish grammar and "very attentively perusing Dr. Comb on the *Constitution of Man* and was very much pleased indeed with it." Captivated by this early study of phrenology, he commented: "Wish that I had time to study it thoroughly."

When the *Don Quixote* reached Valparaiso, December 28, 1839, Atherton disembarked. With the exception of one brief business trip to San Francisco, 1949-50, Atherton prospered in Chile for twenty years before finally moving to California in 1860. Having made a number of lifelong friends in California during his three-year tour of employment there, he maintained a correspondence with many of them, especially Thomas O. Larkin. In 1841 he wrote to Larkin, "If you will return me an *Oliver* for my *Rouland* it will be a great gratification. . . ." Reading and collecting good books continued to be a lifelong interest. And when Atherton died in 1877 at his estate, Valparaiso Park, in Fair Oaks (today Atherton), he left an impressive library.

A few months after Atherton took leave of California, fifteen-year-old Francis Mellus, a young Bostonian, arrived on board the *California*. He, too, became a clerk for Alpheus B. Thompson, 1839-40. Following in his elder brother's footsteps, Henry Mellus, who came to California with Dana on the *Pilgrim* in 1835, Francis shipped before the mast for a two-year tour of duty, 1838-40. On his way to the Pacific Coast, young Mellus kept a journal. On July 16, 1838, he wrote, "In the morning I read some of the history of the Netherlands, which is very interesting." Two days later he finished the book and turned to the *Iliad*.

Toward the end of the month, he was reading Telemanchus and "also some in the History of Columbus which [he] had lately begun and like[d] very well." In the afternoon, he shifted his attention to a Spanish lesson, a matter which he pursued on other occasions.

On most shipboard Sundays, young Mellus would read a sermon, his substitution for regular religious services. Then in the afternoon, he would read what was at hand. After completing the *History of Columbus*, he turned his attention to *Astoria*. Having completed those volumes by August 26, 1838, he was reading "some in Captain Ross' second voyage" which he criticized as "about the dryest book I ever did see." It seems he "only read it to please the captain!" Continuing his Spanish lessons, he also read what magazines were available. On one sabbath, December 16, 1838, he "managed to pass the time by reading Louis 14 in French, which was very interesting." But he was provoked with the tedium of life at sea and plaintively stated one dreary day, "I am most tired of reading." One can understand his youthful restlessness. In later years, he became a leading Los Angeles resident, holding a number of public offices before his death in 1863.

Thomas Oliver Larkin, an extraordinary man who looms large in the history of California, was urban and talented both in business and diplomacy. As the "first and last" United States consul in Mexican California, he was extremely well read and was especially attentive to global diplomatic developments. Friend and confidant of many whom he came to know during the heyday of the hide-and-tallow trade, these friends were to serve him well in supplying information of import; not least among them, John Coffin Jones, U. S. consul to the Sandwich Islands.

Writing to Larkin from Oahu, November 16, 1839, Jones forwarded a pamphlet which related "the particulars" of England's conflict with China on the matter of "the opium trade." He also dispatched "a few papers of Oahu which," he told Larkin, "will afford you some little information." Newspapers, like books, were much sought after, for they provided reading fare and "news" of home and the world. They were avidly sought by sailor and settler alike not only for reading but also for news—particularly ship news.

On the other hand, newspapers had a utilitarian value. Stephen Reynolds, the second and last editor of the first English newspaper in the Pacific, the *Sandwich Island Gazette*, wrote to Larkin, June 6, 1840:

I send to you a lot of Old Newspapers. Fitch said you only wanted them for wrapping in your store. We are not in habit of wrapping up goods—yet. I am not certain about Newspaper going on another year. If it does I will subscribe for you. This is an attempt going round at this time to get up a New Paper to be printed at the [MS torn] press—but whether it will go on I do not know.

Reynolds added, "You Californians are strange *critturs!*" But perhaps wrapping goods in newspapers was another way of providing reading material to many who had neither the contact nor the funds for purchase of those hard-to-come-by news sources.

When the *Sandwich Island Gazette* discontinued publication, not long after a second newspaper began publication in Oahu, James J. Jarves, the editor, informed Larkin, June 8, 1840:

I take the liberty . . . to send you 10 copies of a newspaper established here. Should you be able to procure any subscribers, you will please make the Customary Charges, & send me the names & amt. of subscriptions, by the first Opport'y.

Larkin dutifully answered from Los Angeles, September 5, 1840, that *The Polynesian* was meeting with little subscription success, the "principal objection" being that the paper would not be received "more than twice or three times a year, consequently is of but little interest to the few that otherwise might Subscribe. . . ." In reply, Jarves wrote Larkin: "All the news or communications which you can gather on California will be very acceptable to the readers of the Polynesian. . . ." Subsequently, Larkin was able to recruit a slender reading public for the successor to the defunct *Sandwich Island Gazette.*

In comparison, the *Sandwich Island Gazette* was far more attentive to literature, in the broader sense, than its successor. The *Gazette* regularly carried a column of poetry. Although the poems published were uneven in quality, one can find in its pages poems by Leigh Hunt and a reprint from *Blackwood's Magazine* of "The Forging of the Anchor." On occasion, the *Gazette* published excerpts from books and an occasional article of genuine quality. The reader of these faded pages will also find curious items. In the July 1, 1837 issue, Eliab Grimes, a prominent Oahu merchant and visitor to the California coast, advertised for a lost bound volume of pamphlets which included selections from the correspondence of John Adams and Harrison G. Otis' vindication of the Hartford Convention. When *The Polynesian* began publication on June 6, 1840, the paper included a column devoted to "Literary Notices," probably the first book-review section to be published for the Pacific Coast.

It is quite probable that a few issues of the short-lived periodical, *The Hawaiian Spectator,* published in Honolulu, reached California readers. Although that early periodical was devoted to Hawaiian matters, especially the work of Protestant missionaries, in several issues material of a more general literary nature was printed. Of note in that connection was the memoir of the naturalist, David Douglas, which appeared in serial installments in volume two. When the magazine ceased publication in 1840, after only two volumes, it left a historic tradition and landmark for West Coast journalism. And who knows what hours of profitable reading it provided the sailors who were lucky enough to get a copy for their sea chests.

By 1840 the hide-and-tallow trade was drawing to a dismal close: one of the epochal facets in the mosaic of California's history was also marked. The advent of the first planned overland immigration to California, the Bidwell-Bartleson party, signaled a new pattern of immigration and a new breed of settler. The rising spirit of "westward the star of empire" captivated American public attention. California was to become a focal point of such interest, strengthened by successive waves of overland immigrants and the eventual discovery of gold. But the foundation had been laid. Not least among the unsung contributions of prior visitors and immigrants were the books that found their way to Alta California in their sea chests. Happily, many such visitor and immigrant came from an educated environment, and they left an indelible but unfathomed legacy.

In the preparation of this article, the following books provided primary information: Richard Henry Dana, *Two Years Before the Mast,* edited by John H. Kemble (2 vols., Los Angeles, 1964), which includes Dana's 1835 California letters; Alfred Robinson, *Life in California* (Oakland, 1947); William Heath Davis, *Seventy-five Years in California* (San Francisco, 1929); Doyce B. Nunis, Jr. (ed.), *The California Diary of Faxon Dean Atherton, 1836-1839* (San Francisco, 1964), and George P. Hammond (ed.), *Larkin Papers* (10 vols., Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1951-1964). Susanna B. Dakin's *A Scotch Paisano* (Berkeley, 1939) and *The Lives of William Hartnell* (Stanford, 1949), along with George Tays, "Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo and Sonoma," *California Historical Society Quarterly,* XVI (1937), 99-121, were helpful biographical accounts. H. H. Bancroft's *History of California* and Nellie Van de Grift Sánchez, *Spanish Arcadia* (Los Angeles, 1929), rendered pertinent facts. Reverend Maynard J. Geiger, O.F.M., "The Story of California's First Libraries," *Southern California Quarterly,* XLVI (1964), 109-124, was indispensable. Mariano G. Vallejo's narrative, *Recuerdos Históricos y Personales tocate á la Alta California,* III, 109-117, Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, provided the story of his 1831 book purchase from the *Leonor.* Lastly, the journal of young Francis Mellus in the Henry E. Huntington Library records his reading habits.

About the Authors

Dudley Gordon *is associate professor emeritus of English, Los Angeles City College. He began his study of the life of Charles F. Lummis while a graduate student at the University of California, Berkeley, under Herbert E. Bolton.*

Lucius Beebe *is the author or co-author of thirty books, most of which are in the field of railroad transportation and western Americana. In 1951 he helped to reactivate* The Territorial Enterprise *at Virginia City, Nevada, but sold it four years ago when he accepted an editorial position on the staff of the San Francisco* Chronicle. *Before going to Nevada, Mr. Beebe was for twenty-one years a member of the editorial staff of the New York* Herald Tribune.

Lois C. Stone *is descended from western pioneers and has long had an interest in western history. Graduated from the University of California, she was employed by the University for many years as an artist and research assistant in biological fields before leaving this profession to devote herself to historical research and writing.*

David Lavender *was born in Telluride, Colorado, and spent much of his first thirty years there. After his college years at Princeton and a year of graduate work at Stanford, he taught English for twenty years at the Thacher School in Ojai, California, where he now teaches occasional classes. Mr. Lavender has written fifteen books, including juveniles and two novels, but has confined his efforts primarily to the field of western history. He has recently completed the text for* The American Heritage Book of the Great West *to be released in October.*

Stephen B. Oates *is presently an instructor in history at Arlington State College in Texas. He has published two books,* Confederate Cavalry West of the River *(Austin, 1961), and* Rip Ford's Texas *(Austin, 1963), along with some twenty-five professional articles, many of them dealing with the Texas Rangers in the years after the Mexican War.*

Robert W. Richmond, *state archivist of Kansas, has been a member of the Kansas State Historical Society staff since 1952. For the past eight years, he has also been a lecturer in American history at Washburn University in Topeka. He is co-author of* Kansas: A Pictorial History *(1961),* Kansas in Newspapers *(1963), and* A Nation Moving West, *published this year by the University of Nebraska Press.*

Francis P. Farquhar *for many years was the editor of the* Sierra Club Bulletin *and later the* American Alpine Journal. *He has been president of the California Academy of Sciences and the California Historical Society and has published* Place Names of the High Sierra *(1926), and* Yosemite, the Big Trees, and the High Sierra: A Selective Bibliography *(1948).*

Eleanor James *is a professor of English at Texas Woman's University in Denton, Texas, where she teaches a course called "Writing from Southwestern Materials" in which she encourages young Texans to collect and set down the stories of their country.*

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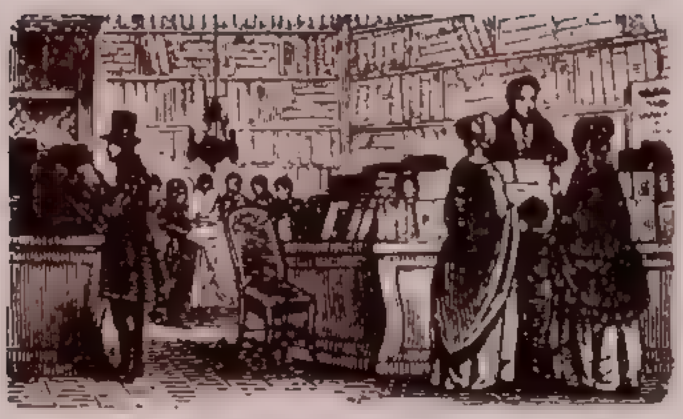


WESTERN BOOKS

The Great West

■ FRONTIER: AMERICAN LITERATURE AND THE AMERICAN WEST. **By Edwin Fussell** *(Princeton, New Jersey, Princeton University Press, 1965. 450 pp., index, $8.50).*

Edwin Fussell's contribution to literary history in this book is freshly thoughtful and immensely informed. A reviewer of less than ultimate scholarly pretensions must perforce view it with some awe and wariness, plus the appreciation it deserves.

Essentially Mr. Fussell is not concerned with the reality of the frontier or the West, but with how the idea of them flavored the work of the major American writers of the antebellum nineteenth century—Cooper, Poe, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Melville, and Whitman. He sees the effect of that idea as huge: "... The West was not a literary subject like any other, to be taken up or dropped at the writer's pleasure, but the Talismanic Secret (Melville's phrase) of the national experience." And he amasses evidence in stout support of his belief that the frontier and a body of metaphor based in a vibrating spiritual awareness of it were not only useful to these men, but so central to their whole expressive effort that when the Civil War, in his opinion, "destroyed the final vestiges of the American frontier," it destroyed too the possibility of further meaningful writing from those who had lasted that long or from the tradition they had forged.

It is hardly possible for anyone who cares more than lightly about literature and history to avoid some quarrels with another's thesis held as strongly as Mr. Fussell holds his. My only main quarrel is with the slightly long-armed reach that he often employs in gathering his proof. If Cooper is soaked in the theme of the frontier, if the pages of Melville and Whitman are richly adorned with references to it, if Thoreau and Poe and Hawthorne were demonstrably and significantly conscious of it, well and good. But if in the need to prove that Moby Dick's ocean and Henry's pond and Hester's seventeenth-century New England and Poe's Norwegian Maelstrom are all in symbolic actuality the nineteenth-century American West—if to prove this the author insists that each reference to unknown territory anywhere, each contrast between wilderness and civilization or between spirit and flesh, even each depiction of a mood between two states of mind, is an application of the "frontier metaphor," then at least one literal-minded reader does cavil a bit. For such insistence obscures the fact that a good many things began not with the movement of the palefaced breed across North America but with the movement of Adam's breed across the face of the green earth.

Yet it is not possible either to avoid a feeling of gratitude for the very strength of Mr. Fussell's conviction. If his book picks a few nits and blows a few bubbles, it demonstrates amply that it has a right to do so. Because it is based in study and sympathy and understanding, and its subject is powerful, it matters therefore in a way that not many books about literature do matter.

John A. Graves, Fort Worth

■ THE BLUE HEN'S CHICK: A LIFE IN CONTEXT. **By A. B. Guthrie, Jr.** *(New York, McGraw-Hill, 1965. 261 pp., $5.95).*

Usually the successful author does not publish the story of his life until his career is behind him, when having reached the crest of the mountain he has been climbing, he pauses to look back and recall the incidents and currents that shaped his career. Such a summing up coming from Guthrie seems to come too soon, too early, for I would like to hope that successors to *The Big Sky*,

The Way West and *These Thousand Hills* will be forthcoming in the years ahead.

Admirers of Guthrie's fiction will find *The Blue Hen's Chick* tailored to their liking. It is honest, abrasive, sometimes bawdy and always rollicking and abandoned. Of course in his novels, in his drive to inject realism into his characters, Guthrie has always equated the raw, red stuff of life with those parts of the body below the waistline, and their functions. It is the same here. While these barroom obscenities may not offend, the repetitious striking of the same note becomes monotonous and boring; after all, there is a limit to how much amusement any writer can get out of them. That is not a slap at saloon humor; it has produced some of the best we have.

The title *The Blue Hen's Chick* needs explaining. It was a name given Guthrie by his landlady when he began his newspaper career as a cub reporter on the Lexington, Kentucky, *Leader*, on which he was to remain in one capacity or another for twenty-one years, always moving up. Her name was Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Keating, but known to all as Mary Lizzie, a little old woman with a slashing tongue, fearless, shrewd, a nonconformist and foe of sham, smugness and hypocrisy.

There were other boarders, but to her he quickly became the Blue Hen's Chick, favorite of the gods. Of their first meeting, he says, "I didn't recognize a godsend." But he soon did. More than anyone else, Mary Lizzie gave his life direction.

She must have been a remarkable woman. However, she emerges as a character rather than as a person. Perhaps that is because at the tag end of their many conversations he always arms her with what comes to be the expected punch line.

With the sleight of hand of the good writer that he is, Mr. Guthrie catches the heartbeat of his years in Lexington and semirural Kentucky. Flavored with good bourbon and tolerance for its enthralment with tradition and "connections," they are among the pleasantest chapters in the book. Of his year at Harvard, as a Nieman Fellow, his summer at Bread Loaf and the success that came to him with the publishing of *The Big Sky*, his friendship with Bernard De Voto, he speaks warmly and with humble modesty. He has very little to say about those writers and historians who preceded him and on whom, of necessity, he had to draw in writing *The Big Sky*. He mentions Stewart Edward White, but ignores Frederick Ruxton. His debt to Ruxton is great, as is White's and all others who have written about the mountain men and the fur trade. Ruxton was the first; he gave us their lingo and set the pattern of their character. Perhaps the indebtedness is too well known to need acknowledgement.

But it is in his days in Montana, both as boy and man, that the author excels himself. From these pages rises a nostalgic haze that I can only liken to the magic of an Indian summer day on the High Plains, the like of which I have not encountered since the late J. Frank Dobie penned his masterpiece, *A Plot of Ground*. It cannot be regarded as history yet. But it soon may be, for the hurrying years are ushering in so many changes that in the lifetime of today's young men, they will be looking back and saying, "That was the Montana that was and will never come again."

Harry Sinclair Drago, White Plains, New York

■ HEROES WITHOUT GLORY: SOME GOODMEN OF THE OLD WEST. **By Jack Schaefer** *(Boston, Houghton Mifflin, 1965. 323 pp., $5.95).*

The creator of *Shane* here has mounted his typewriter to wrestle with his personal beast in the western arena and has wound up with what in rodeo parlance is called a "dogfall."

In a well-mortised Introduction, the author sets forth his objections to the deification of western badmen at the expense of those unsung heroes who really won the West. The enshrinement of this latter group then is undertaken in ten vignettes of representative goodmen of the Old West. Some are more sharply etched than others. All show the craftsman's skill that is Schaefer's hallmark. And all belie the authorial intent of presenting "heroes without glory."

Each and every one of Mr. Schaefer's subjects has been embalmed in type long since, and in some cases all too often. This is the reason for the statement that these sketches are a skillful ingestion and regurgitation of material that is, or certainly should be, well known and time worn to and by every toiler in the western vineyards. A conditioned reflex forces the opinion here expressed that when Elfego Baca is presented as a "goodman," the author has succumbed to Disneyland.

Those who know nothing of "Snowshoe" Thompson, or "Bear River" Tom Smith, or "Portygee" Phillips, for example, will find easy reading about them here. Schaefer's name stands warranty for that, which may be why the publisher has sponsored their retold stories.

W. H. Hutchinson, Chico, California

■ THE WESTERN HERO IN HISTORY AND LEGEND. **By Kent Ladd Steckmesser** *(Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1965. 281 pp., illus., biblio., index, $5.95).*

The theme of this book is that the western hero has been the product of legend and history. The author selects four men—Kit Carson, Billy the Kid, Wild Bill Hickok, George Armstrong Custer—as classic examples of the fusion. In elaborate study of history, literature, and folklore, Professor Steckmesser explains why these frontier heroes have achieved such fame. They were heroic representatives of the national character and as such their legendary side stands out most prominently and has frequently been accepted as historical truth. Kent Ladd Steckmesser is assistant professor of history in Los Angeles State College.

■ THE ENGLISH WESTERNERS' 10TH ANNIVERSARY PUBLICATION: A COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL PAPERS ON AMERICAN FRONTIER HISTORY, CONTRIBUTED BY MEMBERS OF THE ENGLISH WESTERNERS' SOCIETY. Edited by **Barry C. Johnson** *(London, English Westerners' Society, 1964. 68 pp., illus., $3.75 nonmembers, paper).*

■ PHOTOGRAPHY AND THE AMERICAN SCENE: A SOCIAL HISTORY, 1839-1889. **By Robert Taft** *(reprint, Dover Publications, 1965. $3.00 paper).*

The standard work with much important material on the pioneer western photographers.

Wilderness

■ DOWN THE COLORADO. **By Robert Brewster Stanton.** *Edited with an Introduction by Dwight L. Smith (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1964. 237 pp., illus., map, index, $5.00).*

In 1889 a newly formed railroad corporation, headed by Frank M. Brown, hired a civil engineer named Robert B. Stanton to accompany a railroad feasibility survey party through the canyons of the Colorado River from Grand Junction to seaboard. Stanton recognized the historic importance of the trip, and he took copious, descriptive notes. Only two expeditions, both led by Major John Wesley Powell, had preceded them.

In Cataract Canyon, Brown, Stanton, and company wrecked most of their inadequate boats, lost their provisions, and just barely escaped death. In Marble Canyon, first Frank Brown, then two other men drowned. Utterly defeated, Stanton abandoned the first expedition. Five months later he tried again, but this time with good boats and life preservers. In Marble Canyon and then in Grand Canyon, he and his men struck rocks and were capsized. Men were occasionally sucked into whirlpools, but no lives were lost.

Stanton thought his investigation proved the feasibility of building a railroad down these canyons, but he could convince no investors. Thereafter he turned to mining, became a consultant, and accepted assignments in all parts of the world. In the later years of his life, he wrote a narrative history of the Colorado River, although it was never published. Upon his death in 1922, his manuscript was bequeathed to his alma mater, Miami University of Ohio.

Professor Dwight Smith of Miami University has now edited that portion of Stanton's narrative relating to his railroad survey, and the result is a gripping adventure story told in vivid prose. His writing about the canyons —especially Grand Canyon—surely ranks among the best. Stanton describes the changing canyon moods—a wintry climb, a night on a lofty ledge, and the panorama of a Grand Canyon sunrise. Most of all he describes his struggle with a violent wilderness river.

W. L. Rusho, Murray, Utah

■ GENTLE WILDERNESS: THE SIERRA NEVADA. *Text* **from John Muir.** *Photographs by Richard Kauffman. Edited by David Brower. Sierra Club Exhibit Format Series, 9 (San Francisco, Sierra Club, 1964. 167 pp., illus., $25.00).*

When John Muir arrived in San Francisco by steamer in 1868, he was not entranced with the general excitement over bonanzas, colonization schemes, and the transcontinental railroad. Instead he turned to exploring the forests and mountains of California. A few days after the last spike was driven at Promontory, he began a summer-long hike across the Sierra Nevada in the Yosemite region. He found in the wilderness of the Sierra Nevada—the "Range of Light" he called it—satisfaction that impelled him to roam and write about the wild lands of western America (chiefly the Sierra Nevada) the rest of his life.

Muir lived through the Gilded Age, and he saw the rapid advance of the frontier as an unbridled conquest of nature. He stood on the side of nature and landscape

in opposition to the conquering thrust and championed conservation and the idea of national parks. In 1892 Muir founded the Sierra Club to help protect the nation's scenic resources and foster appreciation of them.

In *Gentle Wilderness* the club has honored its founder by republishing selections from Muir's *My First Summer in the Sierra*, his account of the 1869 hike. Richard Kauffman's magnificent photographs would surely have been a joy to Muir, as the entire book will be to anyone who sees it. The book is a reminder that much of the Sierra Nevada is still preserved in its wild state and that the nation is not rich enough to lose any more wilderness.

C. Gregory Crampton

■ TIME AND RIVER FLOWING: GRAND CANYON. **By François Leydet.** *Edited by David Brower. Sierra Club Exhibit Format Series, 8 (San Francisco, Sierra Club, 1964. 176 pp., illus., apps., $25.00).*

This is an eloquent argument by the Sierra Club against power dams which the Bureau of Reclamation proposes to build in Marble Canyon and in Bridge Canyon. François Leydet uses his own trip through the canyons of the Colorado from Lee's Ferry to Lake Mead as continuity for a review of geology, history, the many-sided personality of the great gorge, and the nature of the power demands that pose the threat. The book's 101 color plates—undoubtedly the best collection of Grand Canyon photographs ever assembled between two covers—portray the 250-mile-long canyon in intimate mood and full majesty.

■ GALEN CLARK: YOSEMITE GUARDIAN. **By Shirley Sargent.** *Foreword by Carl P. Russell (San Francisco, Sierra Club, 1964. 176 pp., illus., notes, chron., biblio., index, $5.75).*

This scholarly book celebrates the centennial of the act of Congress giving to California the Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees for use as a state park. Shirley Sargent has rescued from historical oblivion the man who was state custodian of the grant through most of the years from 1866 to 1896.

■ YOSEMITE, 1878: ADVENTURES OF N & C. *Journal and drawings* **by Carrie E. LeConte.** *Introduction to "C" by Susanna B. Dakin. Limited edition of 450 copies (San Francisco, Book Club of California, 1964. 98 pp., illus., $18.75 distributed to members only).*

Geologist Joseph LeConte guided an early camping party to the valley; and his talented daughter, Carrie, recorded the incidents of the trip in her journal, here published for the first time.

■ THE STORY OF MY BOYHOOD AND YOUTH. **By John Muir.** *New foreword by Vernon Carstensen (reprint, University of Wisconsin, 1965. $6.00 cloth, $1.95 paper).*

Southwest

■ FORT UNION AND THE WINNING OF THE SOUTHWEST. **By Chris Emmett** *(Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1965. 436 pp., illus., maps, notes, biblio., index, $5.95).*

Established in 1851 by Colonel Edwin V. Sumner, Fort Union, New Mexico, grew into the largest military installation on the southwestern frontier. As army supply depot for the entire Southwest, guardian of the western end of the Santa Fe Trail, base of operations for campaigns against Indians of mountains and plains, and strategic bastion of federal strength in the Civil War Southwest, Fort Union played a major role in frontier history until its abandonment in 1891. Today the site of the first fort (1851-61), the star-shaped earthwork of the second (1861-63), and the eroding adobe ruins of the third (1863-91) are preserved and interpreted as a national monument.

The story of Fort Union is well documented in the Arrott Collection, housed at New Mexico Highlands University in nearby Las Vegas. This is the legacy of James W. Arrott, Pennsylvania industrialist whose ranching activities near Las Vegas introduced him to Fort Union. Over many years Arrott's researchers assembled a vast store of official documents illuminating the history of the fort and of nineteenth-century New Mexico.

Upon this rich collection Chris Emmett's book is almost wholly based. It is a history not only of Fort Union but of military and political events in frontier New Mexico from the Mexican War to the close of the century. For the student willing to wade through masses of undigested data presented with little attempt at synthesis or analysis, *Fort Union and the Winning of the Southwest* will prove a valuable and rewarding book; the author has undeniably probed deeply in the Arrott

Collection and set forth its contents in profusely quoted detail. For the general reader, however, the work will prove hard going. This is disappointing, for Mr. Emmett has given evidence in other books, and occasionally in this one, too, of an ability to write history of value to the scholar as well as of interest to the casual reader.

Robert M. Utley, National Park Service

■ MEN AGAINST THE MOUNTAINS: JEDEDIAH SMITH AND THE SOUTH WEST EXPEDITION OF 1826-1829. **By Alson J. Smith** *(New York, John Day Company, 1965. 320 pp., illus., notes, apps., index, $5.95).*

There are a number of basic studies on the American fur trade in the West, and it is not likely that the future will see any great extension of knowledge in this area. Alson J. Smith agrees with this view, but he believes what we need "now is a deepening, a closer examination, of what we already have." This book, an elaborately detailed and footnoted narrative of the expedition that brought the first Americans overland to California, is an eloquent statement of his conviction.

■ THE KU KLUX KLAN IN THE SOUTHWEST. **By Charles C. Alexander** *(Lexington, University of Kentucky Press, 1965. 288 pp., gloss., notes, index, $6.00).*

In this scholarly study Alexander, assistant professor of history at the University of Houston, explains the rebirth of the Klan in Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Louisiana after World War I. He concludes that the most powerful stimulus to its rapid growth in these states was the compulsion it felt to strengthen crumbling moral standards. In these states more than in other areas the Klan transcended nativism and racism for the ruthless dictation of community morals and ethics.

■ THE LIFE AND DEATH OF COLONEL ALBERT JENNINGS FOUNTAIN. **By A. M. Gibson** *(Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1965. 301 pp., illus., map, biblio., index, $5.95).*

Grand jury investigator and long on the side of law and order in the Territory of New Mexico, Albert J. Fountain and his young son disappeared late in January 1896. The bodies were never found, but the evidence pointed to ambush. The book unravels the murder, including the background part of Albert B. Fall, notorious for his later involvement in the Teapot Dome scandal.

■ MISSIONARY IN SONORA: THE TRAVEL REPORTS OF JOSEPH OCH, S.J., 1755-1767. *Translated and annotated* **by Theodore E. Treutlein** *(San Francisco, California Historical Society, 1965. 196 pp., notes, index, $9.00).*

Among his labors for God and king, Joseph Och, a German Jesuit, wrote three reports on his experiences in New Spain. The first describes his journey from Europe to the remote missionary frontier in Sonora. Another treats of the expulsion of the Jesuits and the return to Spain. The third report on "America in General" is largely a treatise on the Indians of Sonora. Father Och wrote about government, the colonial economy, mining, stock raising, communication and transportation; and his observations on the life and manners of the Indians and Spaniards are particularly valuable. Theodore E. Treutlein, professor of history at San Francisco State College, has translated the reports into English for the first time. His annotations give the reports perspective and significance.

■ THE LOST CAUSE: THE CONFEDERATE EXODUS TO MEXICO **By Andrew F. Rolle.** *Foreword by A. L. Rowse (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1965. 248 pp., illus., map, apps., biblio., index $5.95).*

After the Civil War over eight thousand southerners moved to Latin America, mostly to Mexico, rather than surrender and submit to reconstruction. The majority who went to Mexico were given colonization privileges by Emperor Maximilian, and they settled near Mexico City and Vera Cruz where they attempted to continue the southern way of life. Owing to Mexican political turmoil and their own inability to adapt to these and other conditions in the new land, the colonists failed, and most of them filtered back to accept reconstruction after Maximilian was executed in 1867. Professor of history at Occidental College, Los Angeles, Andrew Rolle treats with sympathy the agonizing plight of these Confederates and illuminates an unfamiliar episode in the history of the continental West.

■ INFLUENTIALS IN TWO BORDER CITIES: A STUDY IN COMMUNITY DECISION-MAKING. **By William V. D'Antonio and William H. Form** *(Notre Dame, Indiana, Notre Dame Press, 1965. 273 pp., figs., tables, app., index, $7.95).*

Two sociologists write a tale of two border cities—El Paso and Ciudad Juarez—in which they explore the pat-

terns of leadership and how community decision-making both within and between the two is formulated.

■ HISTORICAL ATLAS OF OKLAHOMA. **By John W. Morris and Edwin C. McReynolds** *(Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1965. 70 pp., maps, refs., index, $3.95 cloth, $1.95 paper).*

Geographer Morris and historian McReynolds have produced a series of seventy maps showing the chronological development of the state from Spanish times to the present. Each map is accompanied by a text explaining matters of geographical and historical importance.

■ PETER HURD: A PORTRAIT SKETCH FROM LIFE. **By Paul Horgan,** *on the occasion of a retrospective exhibition of the artist's work at the Amon Carter Museum in Fort Worth and the California Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco (Austin, University of Texas Press for the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, 1964. 68 pp., illus., $7.50).*

Six full-color and sixteen black-and-white reproductions of the southwestern artist's representative work accompany Horgan's friendly biographical sketch.

■ FOUNDING A WILDERNESS CAPITAL: PRESCOTT, A. T. 1864. **By Pauline Henson.** *Illustrated by Don Perceval (Flagstaff, Northland Press, 1965. 261 pp., sources, index, $6.50).*

Discovery, exploration, early settlement, the rush to the mines, and life in this frontier town during the year when territorial government was being established in Arizona. Much has been added to give this detailed work regional perspective.

■ MUSTANGS AND COW HORSES. *Edited* **by J. Frank Dobie, Mody C. Boatright, Harry H. Ransom.** *Texas Folklore Society Publication No. XVI (2nd ed., Dallas, Southern Methodist University Press, 1965. 429 pp., illus., index, $7.50).*

A reprinting of a 1940 collection of articles salvaged from remote and inaccessible sources. "The object of the book," say the editors, "is not to represent writers but to represent horses."

■ JOHN C. DUVAL, FIRST TEXAS MAN OF LETTERS: HIS LIFE AND SOME OF HIS UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS. **By J. Frank Dobie.** ***Sketches by Tom Lea*** *(reprint, Dallas, Southern Methodist University Press, 1965. $5.00).*

Duval came to Texas in 1835; he participated in the Texas Revolution, the Civil War, and served in the Texas Rangers. His best-known publication was *Adventure of Bigfoot Wallace.* Ignored and overlooked for years, J. Frank Dobie recalls him to his place among the literary figures of Texas. Reprinted from 1939 edition.

■ TALES OF A TRADER'S WIFE (LIFE ON THE NAVAJO INDIAN RESERVATION) 1913-1938. **By Mary Jeanette Kennedy** *(Albuquerque, New Mexico, By the author, 1965. 61 pp., illus., $4.00).*

Reminiscences of life with trader G. E. Kennedy at Salina Springs, Chinle, Rock Springs, and Gallup.

■ TRADERS TO THE NAVAJOS: THE STORY OF THE WETHERILLS OF KAYENTA. **By Frances Gillmor and Louisa Wade Wetherill** *(reprint, University of New Mexico Press, 1965. $2.00).*

■ THE CHEROKEE STRIP: A TALE OF AN OKLAHOMA BOYHOOD. **By Marquis James.** *Introduction by Henry Steele Commager (reprint, Compass Books, 1965. $1.65 paper).*

■ THE HOPI CHILD. **By Wayne Dennis** *(reprint, Science Editions, 1965. $1.45 paper).*

Child psychology at New Oraibi and Hotevila first published in 1940; this edition also reprints four subsequent papers by the author on the same subject.

■ TEXAS AND THE WEST, FEATURING BOOKS PRINTED AND DESIGNED BY JACK D. RITTENHOUSE OF THE STAGECOACH PRESS: A BIBLIOGRAPHY. *Catalogue No. 32 (Waco, Texas, Price Daniel, 1965. Illus., $5.00 cloth—limited edition of 100 copies, also paper).*

Northwest

■ RUSSIAN AMERICA: THE GREAT ALASKAN VENTURE, 1741-1867. **By Hector Chevigny** *(New York, Viking Press, 1965. 274 pp., sources, index, $5.95).*

One of the most colorful and exciting chapters in the history of the Pacific Basin was written by the Russians during the course of their expansion across Siberia and into the Aleutians and Alaska. For the past thirty years

Hector Chevigny has addressed himself to this fascinating subject, and *Russian America: The Great Alaskan Venture, 1741-1867* is the culminating work of this long study. Hector Chevigny died last April just after the publication of this book.

There has been much interest in Russian activities in North America, but surprisingly the published literature in English tends to be limited, highly romanticized, and generally inaccurate. Although Chevigny's volume cannot be compared with Okun's fine research, it presents in well-balanced form many facets of the Russian activities in the Pacific and in North America. Of great value is the author's discussion of early fur trading practices in Russia and Siberia; the complex relationship of the merchant and governing classes; Russia's foreign relations with China, England, Spain, and later Mexico; the day-to-day problems of supply and settlement facing the Russian-American Company; and the ultimate sale of Alaska to the United States.

Russian America is a handsome volume; but the complete lack of footnotes, the limited discussion "On the Sources" in lieu of a bibliography, and the inadequate index are weaknesses. The professional historian may question some of the author's interpretations, but he will generally find the volume rewarding. Most readers undoubtedly will enjoy this study which comes alive through Chevigny's easy style.

Gloria Griffen Cline, Sacramento State College

■ THE FUR TRADE ON THE UPPER MISSOURI, 1840-1865. **By John E. Sunder** *(Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1965. 295 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $5.95).*

Historians of the American fur trade have tended to lose interest soon after 1834 when John Jacob Astor left the business, and not resume it until the first transcontinental railroad inaugurated the final slaughter of the bison. This volume—solidly based on hitherto unused manuscripts in the Missouri Historical Society—does much to fill the gap. Essentially it is a narrative history of the Upper Missouri activities of Pierre Chouteau, Jr., & Company, always referred to as the American Fur Company because of its acquisition of part of the Astor company, from its construction of an impressive new headquarters in St. Louis until it sold out its Upper Missouri interests.

The "heroic age" of the "free trapper" and the rendezvous was over. Buffalo, deer, and muskrat skins had superseded beaver pelts. Some features of the older period, however, remained—selling Indians illicit firewater; outbreaks of smallpox and cholera; rather minor clashes with the natives; and political chicanery which went so far that a "new, conscientious" Indian agent charged that Indian annuities were habitually turned over to the company to be traded for furs. On the credit side, the company stimulated tourism on the Upper Missouri by furnishing dependable steamboat service as far as Fort Benton and cultivated its public image by aiding missionaries and naturalists and supplying specimens to St. Louis museums. The beginning of the livestock industry on the northern plains is credited to herds belonging to company and opposition traders.

Although this volume will hardly be read for its sheer interest, it is obviously indispensable to historians of the region, period, and economic activity with which it deals.

Kenneth Wiggins Porter, University of Oregon

■ HISTORY OF THE EXPEDITION UNDER THE COMMAND OF LEWIS AND CLARK. *Edited* **by Elliott Coues** *(3 vols., reprint, Dover Publications, 1965. $2.25 each, paper).*

Unabridged republications of the four-volume edition issued by Francis P. Harper in 1893 complete with maps and index.

■ KLONDIKE SAGA: THE CHRONICLE OF A MINNESOTA GOLD MINING COMPANY. **By Carl L. Lokke** *(Minneapolis, University of Minnesota Press for the Norwegian-American Historical Association, 1965. 211 pp., illus., apps., index, $5.50).*

The Monitor Gold Mining and Trading Company was made up of sixteen men, most of whom were recent Scandinavian immigrants. They set out early in 1898 to make a strike in the Klondike but failed. The efforts of the Monitors provide an unusual account of a group travel and the struggle against nature and time in the Yukon.

■ THE SAN JUAN WATER BOUNDARY QUESTION. **By James O. McCabe.** *Canadian Studies in History and Government, 5 (Toronto, University of Toronto Press, 1965. 164 pp., map, apps., biblio., notes, index, $4.75).*

The failure of the Oregon Treaty of 1846 to define clearly the border between Vancouver Island and the mainland resulted in a twenty-five year controversy over channels through the San Juan islands. It was resolved only when the matter was placed in the hands of the German emperor for arbitration through a provision in

the Treaty of Washington. With scholarly thoroughness, McCabe traces the course of the diplomatic conflict.

■ NATIONAL GROWTH AND ECONOMIC CHANGE IN THE UPPER MIDWEST. **By James M. Henderson and Anne O. Krueger** *with the collaboration of R. Stephen Rodd and John S. Adams. A Publication of the Upper Midwest Economic Study (Minneapolis, University of Minnesota Press, 1965. 231 pp., tables, apps., index, $7.50).*

The final general report of the research conducted by the Upper Midwest Economic Study, a joint undertaking of the Upper Midwest Research and Development Council and the University of Minnesota; a detailed analysis of past economic growth, current structure, and possible future development of a region comprising Montana, the Dakotas, Minnesota, and parts of Wisconsin and Michigan.

■ HIGH COUNTRY EMPIRE: THE HIGH PLAINS AND ROCKIES. **By Robert G. Athearn** *(reprint, Bison Books, 1965. $1.50 paper).*

A history of the region encompassed by Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, the Dakotas, Nebraska, and Kansas and its relationship to the larger story of American growth. First published in 1960.

■ THE WISCONSIN PINE LANDS OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY: A STUDY IN LAND POLICY AND ABSENTEE OWNERSHIP. **By Paul Wallace Gates** *(Madison, State Historical Society of Wisconsin, 1965. 265 pp., illus., biblio., index, $5.00).*

Students of forest conservation, land policy, absentee ownership, and the impact of prodigal exploitation on the settlement process will welcome this reprint of a pioneering study by one of America's foremost authorities. Gates's theme that the United States had had an incongruous land policy and his emphasis on the more sordid consequences of that policy have stood the test of time.

■ THE CHEYENNE AND BLACK HILLS STAGE AND EXPRESS ROUTES. **By Agnes Wright Spring** *(reprint, Bison Books, 1965. $1.50 paper).*

California

■ OIL, LAND, AND POLITICS: THE CALIFORNIA CAREER OF THOMAS ROBERT BARD. **By W. H. Hutchinson** *(2 vols., Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1965. 349 & 394 pp., illus., maps, apps., biblio., index, $11.95).*

Thomas Robert Bard figured prominently in California's economic development and its political reformation between the Civil and first World wars, but, until the publication of W. H. Hutchinson's two-volume biography, he had received scant attention from the historian. Such neglect is no longer possible.

Bard, a Pennsylvanian, began his career as an oilman in 1864 when railroad magnate Tom Scott sent him to California as his agent. He brought in the state's first oil gusher at Ojai in 1867. Although his company, the California Petroleum Company, subsequently failed, he remained in the oil business, pioneered new techniques of exploitation and transportation, and formed a number of corporations, the most notable of which was Union Oil. Aside from its biographical theme, Hutchinson's narrative has additional value for the business historian because of the information it provides about the formative years of the California oil industry.

Oil, however, was not Bard's sole concern. As a southern California land agent and businessman, he loyally boosted the region and helped it to grow, and his election to the United States Senate probably represented the "first fruit" of the southland's political power.

A main-line Republican, Bard personifies the type of entrepreneur who as a conservative politician fought to free his state and party from the strangling tentacles of the Southern Pacific "Octopus." Hutchinson maintains that his election as senator in 1900 actually was the "first shivering rift" in the S.P.'s monolithic control of the California GOP, and perhaps he is right. Nevertheless, because Bard, whose senate service was not inauspicious, refused to deal with William Herrin, the Southern Pacific boss, he was not renominated; and his followers, the Bardians, soon proved ineffectual in fighting "the railroad." Consequently, when the Republican Progressives made their move, he supported them, even though he resisted the movement's emphasis on direct legislation. Such reform, he feared, would lead to "entirely too much legislation, to too abrupt changes . . . and to immature politics." Bard simply wanted honesty in government, but like a good portion of the electorate that supported the victorious Progressives, a portion not previously given much study, he was carried along with the tide of democratic change, a tide he had inadvertently helped to swell. Bard's story presents a new side to the political uprising called the Progressive Movement.

Hutchinson might have written more concisely and achieved greater unity by relegating much of the technical and less important material to footnotes, but because he writes well, at times even brilliantly, the detail is tolerable. What is not is the notable lack of citation. Rarely does he indicate the authority for his statements. One can seldom be sure, therefore, whether the narrative is actually substantiated by sources or is merely conjecture. Yet, despite that fault, this biography must rate as an important contribution to the study of California's impressive past.

Frank L. Beach,
Louisiana State University in New Orleans

■ THE CALIFORNIA STAR: YERBA BUENA AND SAN FRANCISCO, VOLUME I, 1847-1848. A REPRODUCTION IN FACSIMILE. *Introduction* by **Fred Blackburn Rogers** *(Berkeley, Howell-North Books, 1965. 212 pp., index, $20.00).*

The *California Star* and the *Californian* began publication within a few months of each other as the first newspapers in California. Published by Samuel Brannan, the first volume of the weekly *Star* ran from January 9, 1847 to January 1, 1848. It is full of local news originating on the coast from California to Oregon; there is much on the war between the United States and Mexico; and there are columns on the overland emigration from the states. Half of the issue of May 22, 1847, for example, is taken up with news of the rescue of the Donner party. The publishers are to be congratulated for bringing out this important primary source. Let us hope they will reproduce Volume II, which includes the merger with the *Californian*.

■ SARAH AND THE SENATOR. **By Robert H. Kroninger** *(Berkeley, Howell-North Books, 1964. 253 pp., illus., index, $5.95).*

William Sharon, San Francisco millionaire, was sued for divorce in 1884 by Sarah Althea Hill. Sharon claimed he was not married to her. The claim inspired litigation in civil suits ranging from divorce to libel and slander, and criminal suits including adultery, perjury, larceny, and murder. Robert Kroninger, who is a judge of the California Superior Court, has unraveled the bizarre case—a case, or cases, that plagued both state and federal courts for nearly ten years and which set precedent in the law of divorce, contempt of court, grand jury powers, habeas corpus, and federal-state relationships.

■ THE BUCKEYE ROVERS IN THE GOLD RUSH: AN EDITION OF TWO DIARIES. *Edited with an Introduction* by **Howard L. Scamehorn** *(Athens, University of Ohio Press, 1965. 195 pp., maps, notes, $5.00).*

The Buckeye Rovers from Ohio were a company of forty-niners who traveled overland to California and worked together in the mines, returning by sea in 1852 with modest fortunes. The diaries of two of the group, John Edwin Banks and J. Elza Armstrong, are edited with copious notes. Banks's diary is full of detailed observations of the world about him and of his fellow man.

■ GHOST TOWNS AND MINING CAMPS OF CALIFORNIA. **By Remi Nadeau** *(Los Angeles, Ward Ritchie Press, 1965. 278 pp., illus., biblio., index, $5.95).*

An historical excursion through the mining country from the foothills of the Sierra Nevada to the sagebrush camps of eastern California. Nadeau writes of the interesting highlights in the history of groups of neighboring towns, and this is followed by description of points of interest in the vicinity. Lively text and clear maps suggest this as a guide book for a tour whether you leave the house or not.

■ A SELECTIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF CALIFORNIA LABOR HISTORY. **By Mitchell Slobodek** *(Los Angeles, Institute of Industrial Relations, University of California, 1964. 265 pp., biblio., index, $4.00).*

Annotated and indexed, this covers both California and labor history from the Spanish-Mexican background to the present. Included are hundreds of periodical articles, pamphlets, and ephemeral and fugitive materials.

■ DOCUMENTS OF CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC HISTORY, 1784-1965. **By Francis J. Weber** *(Los Angeles, Dawson's Book Shop, 1965. 364 pp., frontis., index, $12.50).*

Sixty-five documents, some not published before, ranging from Junípero Serra's "Last Report," to items on the Mexican period, the gold rush, and recent times.

■ CALIFORNIA GOLD: THE BEGINNING OF MINING IN THE FAR WEST. **By Rodman W. Paul** *(reprint, Bison Books, 1965. $1.60 paper).* ■ MINING CAMPS: A STUDY IN AMERICAN FRONTIER GOVERNMENT. **By Charles Howard Shinn.** *Edited* **By Rodman W. Paul** *(reprint, Harper Torchbooks, 1965. $1.95 paper).*

Paul has added a new Preface and updated the bibli-

ography for this reprint of his *California Gold;* he has added an Introduction to Shinn's classic study based mainly on the California mining camps.

■ THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY. **By Samuel L. Clemens** *(centennial edition, Palmer Lake, Colorado, Filter Press, 1965. 32 pp., illus., $1.00 paper).*

With this facsimile of the 1875 edition, the Filter Press remembers that Mark Twain's classic was first published a century ago. Included is Twain's hilarious "retranslation" back from an 1866 French edition.

■ CALIFORNIA: A STUDENTS' GUIDE TO LOCALIZED HISTORY. **By Andrew Rolle** *(New York, Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University, 1965. 35 pp., 75¢ paper).*

Trail Days

■ FROM THE PECOS TO THE POWDER: A COWBOY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. *As told to Ramon F. Adams* **by Bob Kennon.** *Drawings by Joe Beeler (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1965. 251 pp., illus., maps, index, $5.95).*

Born in Texas in 1876, Bob Kennon in 1896 rode up the long trail to Montana where he spent the rest of his cowboy days. A good picture of life in the early days of ranching in Montana.

■ LOG OF A TWENTIETH CENTURY COWBOY. **By Daniel G. Moore** *(Tucson, University of Arizona Press, 1965. 217 pp., maps, gloss., Arizona ranches and brands, $6.00).*

Born in 1899, Moore recalls life on the range from Montana to Arizona and the special problems facing the professional cowboy in this century.

■ TRAIL DRIVE: A TRUE NARRATIVE OF COWBOY LIFE FROM ANDY ADAMS' "LOG OF A COWBOY." *Edited and illustrated* **by Glen Rounds** *(New York, Holiday House, 1965. 250 pp., gloss., biog. notes, $3.95).*

The trail episodes from Adams' classic: the editor has "modernized" parts of the original text.

■ GREAT AMERICAN CATTLE TRAILS: THE STORY OF THE OLD COW PATHS OF THE EAST AND THE LONGHORN HIGHWAYS OF THE PLAINS. **By Harry Sinclair Drago** *(New York, Dodd, Mead, 1965. 274 pp., illus., maps, notes, biblio., index, $5.00).*

A Western Gathering

■ FIVE YEARS A DRAGOON ('49 TO '54) AND OTHER ADVENTURES ON THE GREAT PLAINS. **By Percival G. Lowe.** *Introduction and notes by Don Russell (new ed., Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1965. 336 pp., illus., index, $5.95).*

Lowe's account of his years as an enlisted man and of his other adventures, which included service in Bleeding Kansas and the Utah War, has long been out of print. Don Russell has provided a substantial Introduction and notes.

■ THE GENTLEMAN FROM COLORADO: A MEMOIR. **By Edward Keating** *(Denver, Sage Books, 1964. 522 pp., illus., $6.75).*

Maverick westerner in Congress, long a public servant in Colorado, muckraking journalist, and labor editor, Edward Keating's (1875-1959) candid remembrances are a contribution to the nation's political history.

■ RAILROADS AND AMERICAN ECONOMIC GROWTH: ESSAYS IN ECONOMETRIC HISTORY. **By Robert William Fogel** *(Baltimore, Johns Hopkins Press, 1964. 296 pp., tables, charts, figures, apps., biblio., index, $6.95).*

Professor Fogel of the department of economics at the University of Chicago, has applied analytical and statistical techniques of his discipline to the growth of railroads during the Gilded Age. He concludes that the railroads were not as important in American economic growth as has been supposed. He suggests that nearly the same level of prosperity would have been reached without them.

■ HOW WE BUILT THE UNION PACIFIC AND OTHER RAILWAY PAPERS AND ADDRESSES. **By Major-General Grenville M. Dodge,** *Chief Engineer Union Pacific Railway, 1866-1870 ($5.00 cloth, $2.50 paper).* ■ THE BATTLE OF ATLANTA AND OTHER CAMPAIGNS, ADDRESSES, ETC. **By Major-General Grenville M. Dodge** *($5.00).* ■ PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN, GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT AND GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN. **By**

Major-General Grenville M. Dodge *($6.00). (Reprints, Sage Books).*

These three volumes of Dodge's memoirs here reprinted from a private edition (copyright 1911-14) contain material on his western military campaigns in addition to his assignment with the Union Pacific Railroad.

■ THE PIONEER EDITOR IN MISSOURI, 1808-1860. **By William H. Lyon** *(Columbia, University of Missouri, 1965. 202 pp., notes, index, $5.95).*

The character and role of the pioneer journalist and his impact on the frontier of which he was a part.

■ GUIDE TO COLORADO NEWSPAPERS, 1859-1963. *Compiled* **by Donald E. Oehlerts** *(Denver, Bibliographical Center for Research, 1964. 184 pp., map, index, $15.00).*

Arranged by county and place of publication, this guide lists 2,844 titles and holdings in libraries throughout the United States.

■ THE NEWSPAPERS OF NEVADA, 1858-1958: A HISTORY AND BIBLIOGRAPHY. **By Richard E. Lingenfelter.** *Introduction by David F. Myrick (San Francisco, John Howell Books, 1964. 228 pp., illus., biblio., app., index).*

The book contains sketches of some four hundred newspapers and periodicals, together with the location of the known holdings of each. This is a highly useful reference work and a contribution to Nevada history.

■ COLORADO: A STUDENTS' GUIDE TO LOCALIZED HISTORY. **By Carl Ubbelohde.** *Localized History Series (New York, Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University, 1965. 34 pp., 75¢ paper).*

■ HISTORICAL REGISTER AND DICTIONARY OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY, FROM ITS ORGANIZATION, SEPTEMBER 29, 1789, TO MARCH 2, 1903. **By Francis B. Heitman** *(2 vols., reprint of the 1903 edition, Urbana, University of Illinois Press, 1965. 1069 & 626 pp., $20.00).*

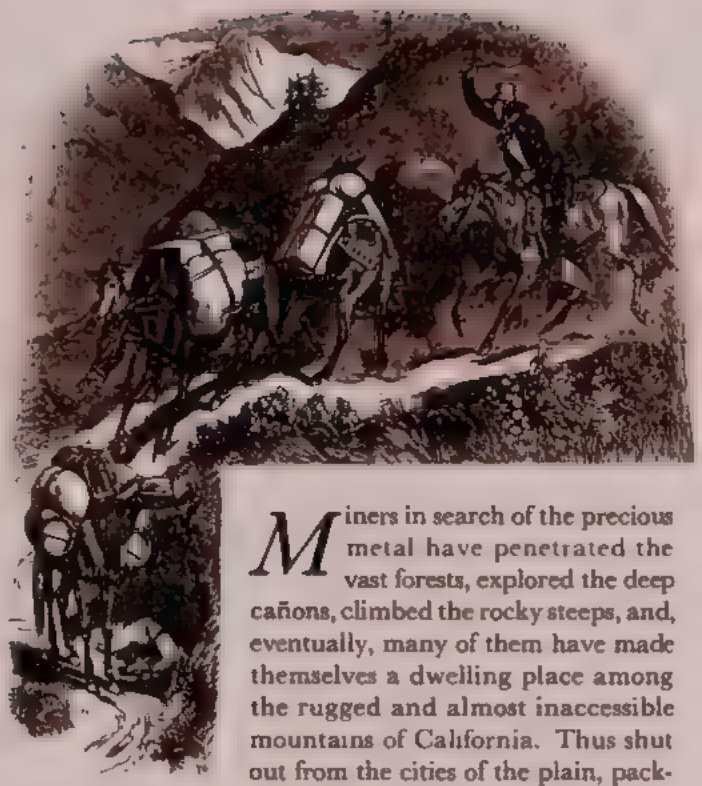
The main part of this valuable reference work provides an alphabetical list, including service record, of the United States Army from its organization to 1903. Supplemental features include: officers of the Confederate Army; alphabetical and chronological list of wars, campaigns, battles, skirmishes, and other military events; a list of forts, reservations, blockhouses, cemeteries, etc.

■ HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN WHALE FISHERY FROM ITS EARLIEST INCEPTION TO THE YEAR 1876. **By Alexander Starbuck.** *With a new Preface by Stuart C. Sherman. Limited edition of 750 copies (2 vols., New York, Argosy-Antiquarian, 1964. 767 pp., illus., tables, indexes, $35.00).*

Students of maritime history will welcome back to print Starbuck's valuable *History*, first published in 1878. The narrative is followed by a chronological directory listing returns of nearly 12,000 voyages from American ports after 1715; information is given about each vessel, its port, destination, master, owner, inclusive dates of the voyage, and the quantity of oil and bone taken. We learn that the first of these "pioneers of the sea" to enter the Pacific Ocean was the *Beaver*, 1791-93.

■ LAST OF THE GREAT SCOUTS: THE LIFE STORY OF WILLIAM F. CODY, "BUFFALO BILL." *As told by his sister* **Helen Cody Wetmore.** *Introduction by Donald F. Danker (reprint, Bison Books, 1965. $1.50 paper).*

Packing, in the Mountains of California



Miners in search of the precious metal have penetrated the vast forests, explored the deep cañons, climbed the rocky steeps, and, eventually, many of them have made themselves a dwelling place among the rugged and almost inaccessible mountains of California. Thus shut out from the cities of the plain, packing, to them, has become an indispensable necessity; and is not only the means of obtaining their supplies, but, like the ever welcome expressman, a kind of connecting link between the vallies and the mountains.

In some of the more isolated mining localities, the arrival of a pack train is an event of some importance, and men gather around it with as much apparent interest, as though they expected to see some dear old friend stowed away somewhere among the packs.

This necessity has created an extensive packing business with the cities of Stockton, Marysville, Shasta, and Crescent City, but very little with Sacramento, at the present time.

We are indebted to a friend in Stockton for the following interesting information concerning the packing trade of that city.

The quantity of freight packed on mules to the counties of Calaveras, Tuolumne, Mariposa, and Tulare, from Stockton, is about two hundred

The article excerpted here originally appeared in the December 1856 issue of HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE. *It is one of a number of classic accounts of life and activities in the California gold regions that were prepared by James Mason Hutchings—himself a gold rush miner—for the remarkable monthly magazine which he published at San Francisco between 1856 and 1861. Hutchings, only moderately successful as a miner, had "struck it rich" in '53, when he sold hundreds of thousands of copies of his famous letter-sheet, "The Miner's Ten Commandments"—a literary bonanza which enabled him to spend 1854 and 1855 gathering articles (such as "Packing") for the first volume of the prospective magazine.*

Though the magazine was by no means wholly devoted to articles about the mining region, it was definitely aimed toward the remarkably literate mining population of California, which is one reason why such articles as "Packing" had to be authoritative. Another of Hutchings' interests was natural history, and the CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE *was the first in the field in bringing the natural wonders of the state to the attention of its readers. The first good article on the "Big Trees" was published in the magazine. Here also first appeared A. J. Grayson's observations and drawings of native birds of the West (see pages 19 through 31 of this issue of* THE AMERICAN WEST). *The Yosemite Valley was all but the private preserve of J. M. Hutchings, and after his magazine had proved itself a losing proposition he retired to Yosemite and spent the rest of his life promoting its attractions.*

The drawings for "Packing" (and for many other articles that Hutchings published) were done by Charles Nahl, the most celebrated artist of California's golden days. Like Hutchings himself, Nahl knew his subject matter first hand.

The best of the illustrated articles in HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE *have been republished recently in a facsimile edition entitled* SCENES OF WONDER AND CURIOSITY *by Howell-North Books (Berkeley, 1962).*

ROGER R. OLMSTED

tons weekly, or one fifth of the entire amount of goods weekly transported.

There are generally from forty to fifty mules in a train, mostly Mexican, each of which will carry from three hundred to three hundred and fifty pounds, and with which they will travel from twenty-five to thirty-five miles per day, without becoming weary.

If there is plenty of grass they seldom get anything else to eat. When fed on barley, which is generally about three months of the year — November, December, and January —it is only given once a day, and in the proportion of from seven to eight pounds per mule. They seldom drink more than once a day, in the warmest of weather. The average life of a mule is about sixteen years. The Mexican mules are tougher and stronger than American mules; for, while the latter seldom can carry more than from two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds, the former can carry three hundred and fifty pounds, with greater ease. This fact may arise from the mules in Mexico being accustomed to packing only, and over a mountainous country; while the American mules are used only for draught. The Mexican mule, too, can carry a person forty miles per day, for ten or twelve days consecutively, over a mountainous trail; while it is very difficult for an American mule to accomplish over twenty-five or thirty miles per day.

The Mexican mule can travel farther and endure more without food than any other quadruped; and with him, apparently, it makes but little difference whether fed regularly or not; still, like animals of the *biped* species, he has no objection to the best of good living. They can, however, always be kept fat with but little care, and it is but very little that is required; while the American mule, to do only half the amount of work, requires good food, regularly given, besides being well cared for otherwise. The Mexicans consider them altogether too delicate for their use. Then again, from the steady regularity of their steps, the Mexican mule is much the easier, generally, under the saddle, and a person will not often become as much fatigued from riding one a week, as he would be in riding an American mule for only three days.

The packing trade of Marysville is very extensive with Downieville, Eureka North, Morrison's Diggins, St. Louis, Pine Grove, Poker Flat, Gibsonville, Nelson's Point, American Valley, Indian Valley, and all the intermediate and surrounding places in the counties of Sierra and Plumas, giving employment to about two thousand five hundred mules, and between three and four hundred men.

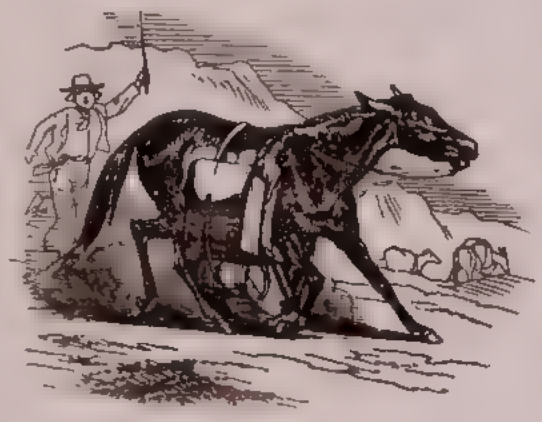
From the town of Shasta, during the winter of 1854-'5, the number of mules employed in the packing trade to the various towns and mining localities north of Shasta, was one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six. This does not include the animals used by individual miners; and, according to the *Shasta Courier,* of Nov. 11th, 1854, it would be safe to estimate the number at two thousand.

"With this data a very fair estimate of the amount of freight packed from Shasta may be formed. Each mule load will average two hundred pounds. A trip to the most remote point to which goods are taken will never occupy more than two weeks— in many instances three or four days less. It is a very moderate calculation, then, to average the trips of the entire two thousand mules at two weeks each."

"This will give a result of one hundred tons per week, as the aggregate amount of freight packed from Shasta — which, at the very low

Fastening on the packs

Unpacking without assistance



In trouble

Accidents sometimes happen

figure of five cents per pound, would yield the sum of twenty thousand dollars per trip, to the packers."

The principal places to which freight is thus transported from Shasta, are Weaverville, (or "Weaver," as it is now called,) Yreka, and the settlements around, and between, those points. One is astonished to see the singular goods that are often packed across the Trinity and Scott mountains to those places; such as buggies, windows, boxes, barrels, bars of iron, chairs, tables, plows, &c.

In the fall of 1853, there was an iron safe, nearly three feet square, and weighing 352 pounds, transported on a very large mule, from Shasta to Weaverville, a distance of thirty-eight miles, over a rough and mountainous trail, without an accident; but, after the load was taken off, the mule lay down and died in a few hours afterwards

All kinds of goods, at all times, are not alike safely packed. A friend of ours, who resides in Yreka, sent, among other things, a rocking chair and looking glass, "and when I reached there," said he,"I found that the chair back was broken, the rockers off, and one arm in two pieces; and the looking-glass was as much like a crate of broken crockery as anything I ever saw."

A gentleman has also informed us that in the summer of 1855, two sets of millstones were packed from Shasta to Weaverville, the largest weighing six hundred pounds. Being looked upon as an impossibility for one mule to carry, it was first tried to be "slung" between two mules, but that being impracticable, it was abandoned and packed on one. The following fact will give some idea of the expense often occasioned, as well as the immense weight sometimes packed over a rough and mountainous country:

When the *Yreka Herald* was about to be published, a press was purchased in San Francisco, at a cost of about six hundred dollars, upon which the freight alone amounted to nine hundred dollars, making the entire cost $1,300.

The "bed-piece," weighing three hundred and ninety-seven pounds, which, with the *aparajoe*, ropes, &c., exceeded *four hundred and thirty* pounds, was the weight of the entire pack, placed upon a very large mule.

On descending the Scott mountain, this splendid animal slipped a little, when the pack over-balanced and threw him down the steep bank, killing him instantly.

Many a mule, in California, has breathed his last in a ravine where accident had tossed him—to be the food of wolves or coyotas.

One train was passing the steep side of a mountain in Trinity county, when a large rock came rolling from above, and struck one of the mules in the side, frightening others off the track; and killing one man and three mules.

During the severe winter of 1852, and '53, there was a pack train snowed in, between Grass Valley and Onion Valley, and out of forty-five animals, but three were taken out alive. It is almost incredible the amount of danger and privation to which men who follow this business, are, sometimes, exposed.

It is truly astonishing to see with what ease and care these useful animals pack their heavy loads over deep snow, and to notice how very cautiously they cross holes where the melting snow reveals some ditch, or tree beneath; and where some less careful animal has "put his foot in it," and, as a consequence, has sunk with his load into trouble. We have often watched them descending a snow bank when heavily packed, and have seen that as they could not step safely, they have fixed their feet

and braced their limbs, and unhesitatingly slide down with perfect security, over the worst places.

There is something very pleasing and picturesque in the sight of a large pack train of mules quietly descending a hill, as each one intelligently examines the trail, and moves carefully, step by step, on the steep and dangerous declivity, as though he suspected danger to himself, or injury to the pack committed to his care.

The packing trade from Crescent City, a seaport town about three hundred miles north of San Francisco, is one of growing importance. From thence most of the goods required in Klamath, and some portions of Siskiyou and Trinity counties, are transported. There is already an extensive trade with Jacksonville, (Rogue River valley,) Illinois Valley, Sailor's Diggings, New Orleans Bar, (on the Klamath river,) and county seat of Klamath, Scott's river, Applegate creek, and several other prosperous localities in that section.

There are about one thousand five hundred mules in the packing trade at these points. It is no uncommon circumstance to meet between twenty and thirty trains, with from twenty to seventy-five animals in each train, and all heavily laden, on your way from Jacksonville to Crescent City. The loud "hippah," "mulah," of the Mexican muleteers sounds strangely to the ear, in the deep, and almost unbroken stillness of the forest.

It seems to us that the Mexican sings no song, hums no tune, to break in upon the monotinous duties of his calling; but, is apparently indifferent to every kind of cheerfulness, until the labors of the day are done, and then but seldom.

* * *

The Mexicans invariably blindfold each mule before attempting to pack him, after which he stands quietly, until the bandage is removed. A man generally rides in front of every train for the purpose of stopping the train when anything goes wrong, and acting as a guide to the others; although in every train there is always a leader, known generally as "the bell mule;" most of the mules prefer a white one, which they unhesitatingly follow, so that when *he* starts it is the signal for the others immediately to follow.

They seldom start before nine o'clock in the morning, after which they travel until sunset without stopping, except when something goes wrong.

When about to camp, the almost invariable custom of packers, after removing the goods, (by which they always sleep, in all kinds of weather,) is, for the mules to stand side by side, in a line, or in a hollow square, with their heads in one direction, before taking off the *aparajoes;* and then, in the morning, when the train of loose mules is driven up to camp to receive their packs, each one walks carefully up to his own *aparajoe* and blanket; which he evidently knows as well as does the packer.

An *aparajoe* is a kind of packsaddle, or pad, the covering of which is made of leather and stuffed with hair, and generally weighs from twenty-five to forty pounds. These are always used by Mexican muleteers, and are much easier for the mule than a common packsaddle.

When the toils of the day are over and the mules are peacefully feeding, comes the time of relaxation to the men, who while they are enjoying the aroma of their fine flavored cigarita, spend the evening hours telling tales of some far off, but fair señorita, or make up their bed by the packs and as soon as they have finished their supper, and lie down to sleep for the night.

Has a will of his own

In danger

Arriving at the mines

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Dog Days at Tacoma . . . **Even while Carrie Nation assaulted the lager emporiums of Kansas, other ladies joined the officers of a fine European bark, come to load lumber at Puget Sound, in admiring the refreshing quality of a dark drink that looks suspiciously as though it had a kick in it. That would be the captain on the right—the gentleman who seems even more satisfied than the others. Of the ladies, one would be his wife, a member of the ship's company; the other is perhaps a relative, maybe a wholesome Belgian girl condemned to the northwest woods, cut off untimely from her native beverage.**